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The Week

ON Tuesday of next week the British Parliament will open formally. On Thursday, according to the strikingly exact prophecies of political correspondents, the Baldwin government will fall, on the issue of a Labor amendment to the address from the throne. Within four hours thereafter, Mr. MacDonald is reported to have said, the sixty members of the new ministry will have been selected from the less than two hundred Labor representatives in the House. Ten days later, Parliament will reassemble, and a Labor government, so radical that its official designation is "socialistic," will control the destinies of Great Britain and the Empire which stretches over half the world—a government which has arrived at its power, not by any violent process of revolution but by orderly progression through the use of the ballot box. It is an extraordinary moment in world history.

ITS significance, of course, would be far greater if Labor had attained office with any assurance of continued power, and with the consequent likelihood that its two great policies, nationalization of public utilities and the capital levy, will be put into

effect. This is not the case. The MacDonald government will live only by sufferance of the liberals; and will not be permitted by them to undertake any drastically radical reform. This fact is now so clear that the alarm of conservative English citizens is rapidly subsiding. Lloyd George may be right in attributing part of the recent decline of the pound sterling to the flight of British capital to America; but there is no reason to believe that the movement will be a serious one. No effective action toward a capital levy could be taken before 1925; and another general election seems certain, not later than next autumn. In the meantime the Labor government will push the *de jure* recognition of Russia; will definitely disavow co-operation with France in her German policy; and will do what it can to relieve unemployment by encouraging public works, etc. Incidentally, one of its most difficult problems will have to do with the threatened railway strike, which, if it comes, will demonstrate vividly the divided allegiance of a government which is committed to the welfare of the working class at a moment when the general welfare is jeopardized—or seems to be—by the action of one labor group.

THE embargo which President Coolidge has placed on shipments of arms to the de la Huerta forces in Mexico is a logical consequence of the new Hughes interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. If the United States is to support in every possible way the stable governments in Latin America—that is, the established governments—it is not enough to help the party we favor. We must also handicap its enemies. We might have observed neutrality toward the contending factions of Mexico. In that case we might have sold arms to both sides or have placed an embargo on shipments to either. The one plan would have been as defensible as the other under international law. Refusal to supply arms to either faction would alone have commended itself to the moral sense of the times. Our government has chosen the alternative policy of intervention on the side of the established government. We may grant that the Obregon faction represents better the interests of the Mexican people and civilization at large than the de la Huerta faction—something very hard for

a foreign people or even a foreign State department to determine. It remains true that this essay in intervention embarks the United States on a course of benevolent imperialism which may in the end have grave consequences.

DESPITE his optimistic New Year's message, M. Poincaré has plenty to worry him nowadays. The franc continues to sink to new low records, at the moment when the government is seeking to float an all-important bond issue of 3,000,000,000 francs. Year-end balancing of accounts has been abandoned as a theory to account for its weakness, and the now familiar bogey of a British-German conspiracy is trotted out again, though it is clear that the real cause of the decline is the sale of French currency and bonds by investors who are beginning to translate into action their fear of their government's insolvency. That the Bloc National is worried about the forthcoming election is indicated by the sudden restoration of the Roman Catholic church to the status which was destroyed by the anti-Clerical government of 1905; the church party has stood solidly behind M. Poincaré of late. Serious difficulties have developed in regard to the Little Entente, whose meeting, which just opened at Belgrade, has already set the Balkans by the ears. Great Britain has sent sharp notes to Rumania, Poland and Serbia, inquiring whether the security given France for recent advances is such as to endanger the repayment of British war loans to those countries. If so, she may demand repayment at once. The tension thus created is made worse by the imminence of a Labor government in Great Britain one of whose first acts will be to demand that French policy toward Germany be drastically revised in the direction of moderation. Taking one consideration with another, a French Premier's lot is not a happy one, in January, 1924.

FRENCH patriots are grieved because there is evidence that Frenchmen too are implicated in what some of their officials describe as an "Anglo-German conspiracy" against the franc. There are contracts being written in dollars; there are French exporters who are leaving the price of their goods on deposit abroad; there are even Frenchmen who are selling francs short. We have nothing to say in defence of such practices, except that those who speculate for a fall when no real force is making for a fall usually find their appropriate reward rather promptly. The real forces at work are making for a decline in the franc, gradual, but inexorable. The last year taught the French investor that little money could be got out of Germany even by the harshest methods. This year will teach him that the "sums recoverable from Germany" are mostly a myth. As this fact is driven home the franc is bound to go still lower. Whether

a crash can be prevented depends on the ability of the French government and people to adjust themselves promptly to financial realities.

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST, which under Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis's management has become as like the Philadelphia Evening Ledger as one chain cigar store resembles all others, feels that things are now going fairly well with Germany. Inflation has been stopped, communist and monarchical revolts suppressed, reparations payments resumed—all because, under the spur of France's firm action, the Teutonic mind has grasped the fact that excuses are of no avail. Much as we should like to share this optimism, we cannot but feel that it is somewhat premature. Despite the rigid censorship on financial news, it is as plain as daylight that inflation of the German currency has been resumed. As soon as rentenmarks had been issued up to the amount of the real estate mortgages on which they are based, no other security was available, and further resort to the printing press was the only alternative to a complete cessation of every government activity. Saxony is at least sufficiently independent of Berlin to have continued to pour out paper money at the moment when the effort to halt inflation was at its height. Bavaria has openly repudiated the Weimar Constitution and demands a restoration of the degree of autonomy it enjoyed under the Bismarckian empire. Finally, the Arnold Rechberg reparation plan, about which the press has made such a to-do has still a great number of almost insuperable obstacles of a political character to surmount. It proposes a thirty percent inflation of the stock issues of German industrial corporations, this stock to be presented to the French government to the extent of 25,000,000,000 gold marks. The French people are to buy these stocks and recoup themselves it is hoped with money to be advanced by America. Before either the French or the American investor could take such values seriously, there would be need of assurance that the French government had abandoned all intention of dismembering or enslaving Germany, and that the German people had abandoned all thought of a war of liberation or revenge.

MESSRS. COOLIDGE and Mellon are now experiencing some of the seamy side of tax reduction when resorted to as a political expedient. The Democrats have done the obvious thing and gone the Mellon plan one better. They would cut surtaxes only to a maximum of forty-four percent, would increase the individual exemptions, and make the normal tax only two percent. Unearned income would pay a third more than earned and in the latter classification would be placed the receipts of farmers and small business men. If the Mellon plan appeals to the nation's "pocket nerve"

the Democratic scheme ought to be still better liked. But even among the Republicans, there is enough opposition to the former to make passage of the plan in its present form doubtful. This opposition explains the President's attempt to crack the whip by announcing that he will veto the bill if substantial changes are made. It was folly to expect that the question of taxation could be reopened only in part and discussion of its other aspects prevented. As a matter of fact, opposition to the reduction of surtaxes, and sentiment in favor of the restoration of the excess profits tax are increasingly vocal from day to day among the radical Republicans who hold the balance of power.

EVENTUALLY, it may not be too much to hope that someone may be moved to remember the tariff, which adds to the cost of living of the average American four or five times as much, at the very least, as the proposed tax cut would save him. It is curious to observe Senator Borah pleading with tears for the Mellon plan as an aid to the poor, oppressed farmer of the West. The farmer's cash income is too small for a reduction of Federal taxes to be of much value of him. What he wants is a reduction in the tyrannously high prices of the things he buys—high prices for which the tariff is directly and obviously responsible. It is a pathetic commentary on the economic illiteracy of the average citizen that the newspapers should be able to carry on a voluminous discussion of what the government can do in the way of relief, day in and day out for weeks on end, and never so much as mention the most important factor in the whole situation.

ONE assertion constantly made by Secretary Mellon and other advocates of surtax reduction is that funds would thus be returned to production. This is to assume that United States government bonds, state and municipal bonds, federal farm loan bonds and the like are unproductive, while railway and industrial bonds are productive. There may be some sense, though not very much, in this assumption. But how is the great capitalist to get his money out of tax exempt bonds in order to invest it "productively"? By selling the bonds to some one else, who would have been compelled to invest in railway and other "productive" bonds if these tax exempts had not become available. Call them unproductive if you please. So long as they are not paid off, somebody has to hold them. Can it make such a lot of difference to the national production who does the holding, the big man or the little? Are we going to be more prosperous because of a mere swapping of investments, productive and unproductive, between the rich and the less rich?

IT might be argued that productive funds in the hands of the very rich yield more than in the hands of persons of moderate fortunes. That can be true only of initial ground floor investments. Any one of us can buy existing shares of a corporation as cheaply as John D. Rockefeller. The real explanation of Secretary Mellon's faith in the turning back of capital to productive investment is his inability to see more than one half of the process. He can see the rich man selling state bonds and putting the money into railway securities. He cannot see the group of poorer men selling their railway securities and putting the money into state bonds. In palliation of the Secretary's logic it must be remarked that he is a good protectionist, and all good protectionists are rigorously schooled in seeing only one side of a matter. They are schooled to see that cutting off an import of a million dollars makes room for a million dollar production of our own; they are schooled not to see that the foreigners who formerly sold us that million dollars' worth of goods took a million in our own products for their pay, and now, excluded from our market, can take nothing.

IN his letter to Senator Couzens Secretary Mellon gives some extremely interesting figures on the absorption of tax exempt securities by the very rich. In twenty-one inheritance tax returns for estates of \$1,000,000 and over wholly exempt securities make up 28.97 percent of the estates. This is certainly a strong argument for the proposal, slumbering somewhere in committee, to levy a special inheritance tax on exempt securities found in estates. We have been assured by excellent lawyers that such a tax would be constitutional. It would help to prevent the accumulation of tax exempt securities in vast hereditary estates. Prudent persons would no doubt exchange their tax exempt bonds for other investments when they found their health failing. But the chances are, that enough bonds would be found in estates to yield a substantial revenue.

THE greatest single tragedy of the Mexican revolution is the cold-blooded assassination by de la Huerta's men of Felipe Carrillo, Governor of Yucatan—an act which incidentally strongly supports the contention as to the reactionary character of the rebellion. Carrillo was one of the ablest and best-loved leaders in a land which has suffered from a conspicuous lack of competent leadership. It was the fashion of the American press to damn his government in Yucatan as Bolshevistic, but in fact the measures he put into effect during his two years in office were nothing of the sort, but instead common sense democracy. He put into effect the land laws promulgated in the new national constitution, and did so with such discretion and skill that production was not even tem-

porarily injured thereby. The progressively heavier taxes levied against the owners of large numbers of houses were intended to break the merciless grip of the landlord during the postwar housing shortage, and did so. He built more roads in two years than had been constructed in the preceding four centuries, and aided the archaeologists who are now restoring the wonderful buried cities of the vanished Maya civilization. He brought education into a land where it had been virtually non-existent; some of the charges of anti-Clericalism laid against him are based on no more than his efforts to reveal to the people a few of the most elementary facts about the world in which they live. The tyrannical capitalists who had kept the Yucatan peons in literal slavery for generations had a quarrel with Carrillo which far antedated 1922; even during the Diaz régime he was under proscription for the "crime" of informing Indians of the meagre rights they possessed under the old Constitution. His death is a grave misfortune to Mexico, and to the Indians for whom he fought, it is a tragedy of the first magnitude.

THE Connecticut League for Civil Liberties and Progressive Legislation is calling attention to a recent court case in that state, which, if the facts are as narrated by the League, constitutes another extraordinary instance of a man's being punished, not for the commission of any crime, but because his views on social questions are in opposition to those of the majority. Ernst Schleifer was sentenced on November 20 by Judge Newell Jennings of the New Haven Superior Court to three and a half to five years in the State prison. His alleged crime was making an address before the striking shopmen of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad on November 22, 1922. In the course of this address he is supposed to have "incited murder" though the only testimony to this effect was that of two railroad detectives who stated that they heard Schleifer counsel violence against the railroad and against "scabs." In opposition to these two detectives, more than twenty persons who were present at the meeting have denied that Schleifer advised any sort of violence. Several hundred other witnesses stood ready to testify to the same effect.

OF four thousand two hundred pages of testimony taken in the trial only about two hundred referred to the New Haven speech. The rest were devoted to attempts to show that Schleifer is "a dangerous red." Efforts were made to play upon the sympathies of the Connecticut jury by showing that Schleifer in 1917 expressed sympathy for Tom Mooney of California (thereby aligning himself with a number of the leading jurists of the United States, who now agree that Mooney

was the victim of a scheme of perjury by state officials). In particular, the evidence submitted dealt with the shopmen's strike; and the Connecticut League for Civil Liberties believes that an endeavor to strengthen the moral position of the railroad in the community was the impelling motive behind the whole prosecution.

THE Workers' Defense Union believes that a Congressional investigation of the influence of Italian Fascism in the United States would be desirable. We agree. Carlo Tresca, editor of an Italian labor weekly of New York City, *Il Martello*, was recently sentenced to a year and a day in Atlanta Prison for a violation of the obscenity law. It is impossible to study the record of his case without becoming convinced that Tresca's real crime consisted in his bitter opposition to Mussolini. The violation of the obscenity law consisted of a two-line advertisement of an Italian book on birth control. When notified that this advertisement made the issue of *Il Martello* unavailable, Tresca eradicated it, and the paper was distributed through the Postoffice. The charge was not, however, withdrawn, though two other newspapers are said to have carried the same advertisement without suffering any penalty and the book is reported to be on sale in an Italian bookstore in New York. That Tresca is persona non grata to the authorities is evidenced by repeated efforts to interfere with his publication on trivial grounds. Prince Caetani, the Italian Ambassador, stated at a public dinner that "a certain Italian paper in New York" ought to be suppressed, and District Attorney Mattuck declared to Judge Goddard, who presided at the obscenity trial, that the complaint in that case actually originated with the Prince. That large numbers of well-to-do Americans are heartily tired of democracy, and have taken Mussolini to their bosom, we were well aware; but we confess some surprise that allegiance to the principles of dictatorship should have gone so far as seems to be indicated by this case.

MESSRS. HUGHES and Daugherty burst into speech last week, each after his own kind. Secretary Hughes graciously consented to burlesque his own performance of a fortnight earlier, by issuing a new "dangerous, revolutionary statement" by Zinovieff, of such magnificent absurdity that not even the American Defense Society or W. J. Burns himself could be expected to take it seriously. In this latest curiosity of the fanatic intellect, Zinovieff exhorts the American communists to capture the "peasant"—the small farmer. Even in Russia, this is one effort at which the Bolsheviks have flatly failed; and their chance of success in the United States is perhaps one percent as good as it is at home. Mr. Daugherty's contribution to the week's grist is equally engaging.

The pardon of the political prisoners, he anxiously points out, was "not a pardon but a commutation." The government felt no sense of guilt over their incarceration and did not set them free by way of repentance. Shutting them up had nothing to do with free speech, but was proper punishment for "conspiracy to cause or attempt to cause insubordination, disloyalty, and refusal of duty in the military and naval forces of the United States when the country was at war," by "personal solicitation, public speeches, articles printed and in the distribution of certain pamphlets." "Freedom of speech," the Attorney General kindly explains, "is freedom of speech within the law, and not freedom to advocate disobedience and disregard of law." And that, so to speak, is that.

Mr. Bok's Prize Plan

THE winner of the Bok prize for the best practicable plan to bring about the coöperation of the United States with other nations for the purpose of preventing war is an ingenious, statesmanlike and progressive document. It probably will accomplish as much as any written plan, originating in an unofficial source, can accomplish to serve the purpose for which Mr. Bok offered his prize. It lays out a route which the American government can travel towards the goal of an association in the interest of peace, while at the same time it avoids with scrupulous care the entanglement of the United States in European power politics which so many of the discarded plans for coöperation have involved. All Americans who aspire to see their own government assume leadership in organizing the nations of the world for the prevention of war should loyally support this plan. It is not only the "best practicable" at the present time, but it possesses certain clear and net advantages over its conspicuous competitors. It suggests a more promising advance towards a wholesome and enduring association between the United States and Europe on behalf of peace than the unconditioned acceptance of the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League would have brought about.

The most obvious merit of the plan is its ingenuity. It proposes the coöperation of the United States with the League but under conditions which protect the United States against repugnant liabilities and at the same time improve the organization of the League. The acceptance of the proposed conditions should in our opinion disarm the really serious scruples which so many American citizens cherished against unqualified adhesion. As a consequence of this conditional coöperation the United States would "assume no obligation to interfere with political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign state," it would not abandon the Monroe Doctrine or "its traditional

attitude concerning American independence of the Old World;" it would assume no obligation under any article of the Covenant which sets up the sanction of coercion for the violation of pledges; it repudiates all obligations under the Treaty of Versailles; it would propose the re-drafting of article I of the Covenant so as to assure admission into the League of any state which wishes to join and which received the favorable vote of two-thirds of the Assembly; and finally it would stipulate as a condition of adhesion that the League set up a commission to revise and develop international law.

If these conditions were accepted by the League and the United States joined, the result could in a real sense be considered as a vindication of both those who favored and those who opposed the original ratification of the Covenant. The United States would join the League but under conditions which would alter radically the terms of the contract and the underlying political and moral life of the institution. The League would cease to be a League to Enforce Peace and would become a League to get rid of war by substituting for it an official machinery of adjustment which derived its authority exclusively from the good faith, the disinterestedness and the intelligence of its behavior. The machinery would consist of a covenant which bound the contracting parties to adjudicate their differences or confer about them, but the compulsion to accept the results of the arbitration would be entirely moral. The reasonableness of a verdict and the support which it might obtain from international public opinion would constitute its only sanctions.

As we have said this plan is really a happy and ingenious invention. In fact if it errs at all, it errs on the side of over-ingenuity. Its opponents in Europe will insist with some plausibility that its successful adaptation to contradictory requirements has resulted in the emasculation of the League. Even if the plan should promote the adhesion of the United States, would not the League, after the United States had joined it and as a consequence of the conditions imposed by the late-comer, cease to wield the authority or the power to prevent war?

This criticism is in our opinion mistaken but it contains matter for serious consideration. The League, if it accepted the conditions which the United States would propose, would not supply its members with the same kind of security which an efficient government furnishes to the individuals under its jurisdiction. It would not attempt to counteract lawless violence with lawful force. It would not guarantee the security of France from German attack or the security of Germany from French attack or the security of Poland from Russian attack. It would not deal with the question of security at all in so far as security is born of the counteraction of force by force. The peace

which it seeks to create would not depend on a balance or preponderance of power. It could prevail only by virtue of the eventual neutralization of force in international conflicts. Yet the plain fact is that force so far from being neutralized is at present the lord of Europe. European nations are pursuing towards one another policies which prevail exclusively as the result of successful coercion, and the ruthless pursuit of these policies provokes an atmosphere of suspicion, hatred and fear which unless checked will sooner or later precipitate another great war. The League of Nations under the Bok plan would not provide against the immediate liability to war which springs from the existence of great armies and the use of these armies for the purpose of creating insecurity, suffering and apprehension among neighboring peoples.

This criticism fastens on a defect in the plan, but it is a necessary defect for which there may exist a sufficient remedy. Although the League, as modified by the admission of the United States, would be obviously and frankly impotent to protect nations from foreign aggression by force, it would make room for a different and a promising method of providing security by international agreement. It would apparently fall back upon regional non-aggression compacts to protect peoples against the menace to their safety and welfare which the drilling of great armies on the other side of their frontiers awakens in their minds. The plan is not as explicit as it should be on this matter, but its author points out that the existing League has already tacitly consented to turn over questions of security, as they affect states on the South and North American continents, to the Pan-American Union. He might have added that it has not dared to deal with the ominous threats to the safety of other European peoples for which the French army and the French foreign policy are responsible; and its resignation in the face of this obvious danger to peace clearly demands the compensation of a European non-aggression compact, analogous to that which the Pacific nations have already signed. These examples both illustrate the possibility of forming regional leagues within the League which would act as effective temporary agencies for at least neutralizing problems of power. The great League can hardly carry on thoroughgoing work of pacification with its own resources alone. It could not set up a jealous, exclusive and indivisible sovereignty. It would necessarily distribute a certain part of its responsibilities among its individual members and among subordinate leagues. It could not itself guarantee the security of the nations against aggression without pretending to an international police authority and setting up an international police power which in its actual operation would threaten the independence of its constituent states.

Since its foundation in 1919 the League has

dwindled as a guarantor of international security and as an agency for the enforcement of peace and has developed as a centre of international information, of positive international activities and of international consultation. If it submitted to the conditions imposed on it by the proposed entrance of the United States, it would accept as final this limitation of its function and would risk the success of its enterprise upon its ability to devise constructive adjustment of international disputes and to impose them on the world, as the Catholic church imposed its interdicts on mediaeval potentates, by virtue of its intellectual competence and moral prestige. It would have to earn this prestige gradually, but any authority which it obtained would be justified. It could not derive from any source but meritorious service. The friends of peace might reasonably hope that the abandonment of physical coercion and of the policeman's club, even as the instrument of respect for law, would afford the best possible proof of the sincerity of the League and the belief of its members in law and reason rather than war.

It may seem quixotic to place so much confidence in unenforced adjustments of international disputes at a time when power plays such a decisive part in domestic politics and when, as Mr. Lloyd George recently insisted, it dominates the international politics of Europe. No doubt it is quixotic, but it is a quixotism which under the circumstances seems to be the better wisdom. The abolition of war looks impossible without an act of faith in the competence of intellectual and moral activities to assume control of human affairs. The chief respect in which the plan which won the Bok prize fails to rise to its opportunities consists in not emphasizing such an act of faith as sooner or later indispensable to the success of any organized attempt to get rid of war. According to Mr. Bok the plans all "express or imply" the conviction that the time has come for the nations "to admit frankly that war is a crime" and for the United States to "take the lead in a common agreement to brand war as in very truth an outlaw." But the successful plan does not in our opinion sufficiently express this conviction, and hence the footnote which the Jury of Award added to the plan is particularly welcome. They unanimously hope that the first fruit of the adoption of the coöperation among the nations for which the plan provides would be "a general prohibition of the manufacture and sale of all materials of war." Such a prohibition would of course be equivalent to a conscious decision to dispense with war which the League of Nations has not undertaken and which in the long run is necessary to the success of an attempt to provide a substitute for it. Considering the source whence it comes it is much the most encouraging, courageous and radical aspect of this agitation connected with the Bok peaceprize.

The Facts about Excess Profits

THE year-end brings warnings from Washington "that if an unreasonable [tax] bill is passed the President will veto it." The dispatches go on to say that this means that if the talk of imposing heavier surtaxes or excess profits taxes is translated into legislation, the President will disapprove it. The excess profits tax is evidently anathema to the Republican leaders. If the opinion expressed in these dispatches is correct, President Coolidge would veto any tax bill which provided for a reenactment of the levy on excess profits.

The statement is a challenge to every liberal, in and out of Congress. If they are wise, they will accept it and give battle. For if the public had been given the facts about excess profits, the old law would never have been repealed. If they knew the facts about excess profits in the year 1923 Congress would be forced to reenact an excess profits tax law; and if President Coolidge vetoed it he would be defeated at the next election. But the public never has had the facts about excess profits. It has not even been acquainted with such facts as the Treasury published. For two years before the abolition of the excess profits tax, the press of the country and the various commercial organizations were belaboring the American people with propaganda directed against that fiscal measure. But facts concerning the level of profits were few. When the old law was repealed in November, 1921, the Treasury had not yet made public corporate earnings for 1919.

Naturally, the public had been led to believe that with the end of the war unusual profits would cease. Earnings had increased enormously as a result of war prices and war demands. In 1916 the profits of all corporations reporting net income were \$8,766,000,000. This was almost exactly twice as much as they were in the highest pre-war year. In 1917, the peak year, they were \$10,730,000,000. In 1918 they fell off to \$8,362,000,000. These were the last published figures available when Congress abolished the excess profits tax. In the autumn of 1921, when the repeal of the law was under discussion, the country was suffering from a post-war depression. It was easy in that situation to make people believe that the end of the war had brought the end of excess profits.

The Treasury volume which showed the corporate income statistics for 1919 appeared in January, 1922. It showed that the earnings of all corporations reporting income were more than a billion dollars greater in 1919 than during the last year of the war, and twice as large as in any year before the war. They amounted to \$9,412,000,000. The net income of manufacturing corporations alone was \$5,219,000,000. This was

approximately three times their highest prewar earnings.

In this report for 1919 the Treasury compiled and published for the first time the invested capital as well as the earnings of corporations which made this income. The manufacturing corporations in that year had earned 19.89 percent on their invested capital. This was after deducting all expenses, after paying state and local taxes and interest on borrowed money, and setting aside a depreciation allowance of \$1,272,000,000. The government took one-fourth of this income from them in income and excess profits taxes. This left them almost fifteen percent upon their invested capital, and seventeen percent upon all their outstanding capital stock, common and preferred. Textile and textile products made 27.87 percent upon their invested capital; leather and leather products over thirty percent. The 54,000 corporations engaged in wholesale and retail trade which reported net income made an average of 19.85 percent, and likewise paid about one-fourth of this in income and excess profits taxes.

In 1920 the corporate incomes had fallen slightly below \$8,000,000,000. Manufacturing corporations in that year earned almost exactly \$4,000,000,000. This was an average of fourteen and one-half percent on their invested capital. The paper and pulp products group earned 28.7 percent; and the printing and publishing group 22.11 percent. Manufactures paid, on the average, a little less than one-fourth of their earnings in income and profits taxes, thus leaving them about eleven percent net on invested capital. Corporations engaged in construction earned 17.85 percent and those in retail and wholesale trade earned 15.72 percent. It is hard to believe that Congress would have abolished the excess profits tax if these facts had been before the public.

But the facts had not yet been set forth in the Treasury publications. It requires normally a period of at least twenty months after the close of any year before the returns of corporations are compiled and published in the Treasury's Statistics of Income. The last year available at this time is 1921. That was a year of deepest depression. In that year the total income of all corporations reporting net income amounted to only \$4,336,000,000. The manufacturing corporations reporting net income showed earnings amounting to \$1,778,000,000. This was thirteen percent on the invested capital of these corporations. Corporations engaged in construction earned sixteen percent; and those engaged in trade earned 15.8 percent.

Everyone conversant with financial matters knows that the situation with respect to corporate earnings has changed radically since 1921. The Treasury collected, during these last twelve months,

\$1,825,000,000 in income taxes on account of personal and corporate earnings during 1922. Of this amount at least \$800,000,000 must have been paid by the corporations. Since their income tax is at the rate of twelve and one-half percent, they must have earned approximately six and a half billion in 1922. In 1923 their earnings will undoubtedly exceed \$8,000,000,000. They will, therefore, be larger than they were in 1920. In that year the excess profits tax had yielded \$988,726,351. In addition the corporations paid income taxes amounting to \$636,508,292, making a total of \$1,625,234,643 of income and profits taxes on net earnings of slightly less than \$8,000,000,000. Under the present tax rate of twelve and one-half percent, the corporations will pay, during the next twelve months, almost exactly \$1,000,000,000 on account of the incomes earned during 1923.

Despite the fact that the income taxes of corporations will be \$600,000,000 less this year than they were in 1920 on approximately the same income, many corporations will actually pay a higher rate of tax than they did three years ago. This will be true of all corporations which earn less than 9.3 percent on their invested capital. These corporations will actually pay more under the present flat rate of twelve and one-half percent than they would have paid under the old combination of excess profits and income taxes. This is true, despite the fact that all corporations combined will pay \$600,000,000 less than they did under that tax. What the abolition of the excess profits tax and the increase of the income tax from ten percent to twelve and one-half percent has accomplished, then, is to increase the burden upon the corporation which makes only six percent, and to cut in half the taxes of a corporation which made twenty-five percent. A corporation which makes fifty percent on its invested capital pays only one-third as much under the present law as it would have paid under the old law. Verily, to him that hath shall be given.

The Treasury has, never yet grouped all the corporations for us in such manner as to reveal the spread in the earnings of different concerns. In 1920, all the corporations reporting net income earned on the average 11.28 percent on their invested capital of over \$68,000,000,000. The transportation and public utility group earned 6.29 percent; and within this class steam railroads earned 4.87 percent. The manufacturing group earned 14.56 percent on the average; but the paper and pulp products industry earned 28.70 percent. If the earnings for individual corporations were available, the spread would be vastly greater than this.

Just how much greater the variation in the earnings of individual corporations would be is re-

vealed by a document prepared by the Treasury in 1918 showing the profits which 31,500 corporations earned during the year 1917. The volume is entitled *Corporate Earnings and Government Revenues*; it was prepared in response to a resolution introduced by Senator Borah in June, 1918. It contains only corporations which earned more than fifteen percent on their capital stock. The Treasury found that 55,000 corporations had earned at this rate in 1917; and actually compiled the earnings and the invested capital of 31,500 of these. These corporations had a total net income of \$4,760,000,000. One-half of this net income was reported by corporations which earned more than thirty percent on their capital stock. Over one-third of it was reported by corporations which earned more than forty percent. In 1918 more than one-half of all net income reported was earned by concerns who made over fifteen percent; and two-fifths was earned by those making over twenty-five percent.

Senator Borah, or some other liberal statesman, can do the country a real service by introducing a similar resolution at this time directing the Secretary of the Treasury to group the corporate income returns of the country according to the ratio of net income to invested capital in 1919, 1920, and 1921. In this manner the public would discover how much invested capital made profits in each year of fifty percent and over; of forty to fifty; of thirty to forty, and so on. With this information before it, the public could pass judgment upon the fiscal wisdom of a party and an administration which threatens to veto any tax bill which carries a provision for the restoration of excess profits taxes. At present the public is in the dark in these matters; let the Treasury give them light in the form of facts. And if the Treasury either does not think it worth while to do so; or feels that it is unnecessary that the public should have the facts, then let Congress direct the Treasury to prepare facts full and adequate; and let the press of the country give them the widest possible publicity.

Self-Education for Scientists

THE American scientist appears to be least scientific in those annually recurrent periods when he is conscious of being a member of a scientific society. He exhorts everyone to adopt the scientific attitude throughout the year and then for the space of a short week between December 26 and January 1 he sloughs off his scientific predilections and reverts to Rotarian habits. Nothing could be less scientific than an annual meeting of a scientific society.

The chief purpose of a scientific gathering is to

permit scientists to exchange ideas and experiences. This is precisely what does not happen. Instead of exchanging ideas they read papers at each other. A subject is chosen, then a speaker; thereupon another subject and another speaker until the program is rounded out so as to take care of those whose "turn" has come. The program manipulators appear at this point to be reminded in some dim way that discussion has a legitimate place; whatever time is left is therefore devoted to discussion. The chairman, watch in hand, does his best to keep the speakers within their prescribed time limits but he fails. Invariably he fails. His nervous fidgeting and plaintive looks at his watch betray his failure. Later he will be obliged to explain to the speaker that after all twenty minutes was an inadequate time for the presentation of his theme. To the audience he will need to explain why the discussion cannot take place. If by some miracle of time or the fortunate absence of a speaker, discussion is made possible, the result is usually fruitless. A few questions are asked which either divulge the fact that the speaker was misunderstood or that the opportunity has arrived for expressing the long-inhibited tendency toward praise or blame. These repressions give direction to the conversations in hotel rooms and lobbies during the brief moments between sessions. The bombardment of intellectual projectiles adds lustre to the reputation of the speakers but it leaves the audience with the feeling of having witnessed a sham battle.

Gatherings of scientists are frequently justified on the basis of their by-products. The opportunity of being introduced to a noted scientist; the renewal of old friendships; the favorable occasion for selecting a prospective teacher and impressing upon him in person the desirability of leaving one institution for another—these incidental advantages suffice to attract many but they do nothing to clarify and define the main purposes. The by-products may account for the fact that the gatherings are attended by many persons who are dealing in science but are not scientists. The presence of this group tends to lower the calibre of materials presented. The demand is for papers which everyone can understand. Aside from the fact pointed out in the New Republic's review of James Harvey Robinson's volume called *Humanizing Knowledge*, that "words of one syllable will never popularize science" there must be a differentiation of the exchange of ideas between scientists and the popularization of science. In this connection the paradox of popularizing science among scientists is too obvious.

The crux of the problem lies in method. Reading a paper at an audience is the poorest possible way of furthering an understanding between scientists. Effective exchange of experience can take

place only when the ideas which convey experiences are allowed to interpenetrate. Discussion involves more than asking and answering questions. It is not a process of addition and subtraction but rather one of division and multiplication. One idea plus another idea does not constitute two ideas. On the contrary, if both ideas have integrity (and scientists are presumed to deal with ideas possessing integrity) a new or a modified idea will eventuate. In short, discussion is a means whereby ideas are rendered creative. Obviously, large groups are not amenable to this process.

Still more obvious and absurd is the fallacy of expecting discussion to take place under the rules of after-dinner speaking. Twenty minutes for Mr. Darwin to discuss his theory of pan-genesis; twenty minutes for Mr. Newton to elucidate the laws of gravity; and, provided the hotel management does not insist upon using the room for the afternoon bridge club, ten minutes each, for two dissenting persons chosen to "lead the discussion."

But, says the scientist, the materials which a scientist handles are facts, not ideas, and facts are not subject to discussion; they need only be stated with the accompanying proof of their validity. Alas, for facts! "A book containing all the facts and fundamentals of physics could be written in twenty-five pages," says one scientist to his fellow scientists of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This may be an exaggeration but it serves to indicate that scientists do not function in an atmosphere external to the psychological atmosphere of other human beings who use facts as conditioned by purposes, interests and attitudes. If scientific gatherings were confined to the mere statement of facts, there would be no scientific gatherings. The notion that science is a body of facts and laws must be challenged. The essence of science is discovery, not dogma; method, not law. Science is a tentative hypothesis, not an inspired and irrevocable revelation. The search for truth, not truth, is the lode-star of the scientist.

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Farmer-Labor Party Prospects

AN effort to reconstitute the national third-party movement on a practical and substantial basis is now in progress following a conference of third-party groups in St. Paul.

These are the outstanding facts regarding this meeting:

1. It was called by Minnesota farmer-labor leaders who have recently achieved a series of third-party victories which culminated in the election of two United States senators and two congressmen.

2. It was primarily a conference of farmer-labor leaders of those northwestern states wherein a substantial farmer-labor or third-party vote has been developed as a result of work done first by the farmers' Nonpartisan League and later by organized labor in alliance with the organized farmers.

3. It resulted in the tender of the leadership of the national third-party movement to Minnesota for the 1924 campaign, which undoubtedly means that the Northwest farmer-labor movement and methods are to be the basis, by common consent, of a reshaped national third-party movement.

4. The Minnesota leaders took the initiative, called the conference and accepted the leadership at the earnest request of the outstanding leaders or officials of practically every third-party group in the United States, most of which were represented in the conference.

5. The meeting was of a character which justifies the hope that rainbow chasing, sectarian dogmatism and factional strife have disappeared among third-party leaders after years of division and failure, and that there has succeeded a sense that success can come only through the unity of all elements opposed to the existing two-party control.

The result of the meeting was that the Farmer-Labor party leaders of Minnesota were authorized to call a national third-party convention in St. Paul or Minneapolis on May 30, 1924, for the purpose of reconstituting the national third-party movement on the proposed new basis, formulating a platform and nominating a President and Vice-President.

This action is full of interesting implications and promises of developments, not the least important of which is the practical certainty now that a third-party candidate for President will be nominated, and this regardless of what third-party "possibilities" like Senator La Follette may do. The new Northwestern leadership is particularly anxious to name for President an outstanding national figure like La Follette; but it will not sacrifice certain other things to gain this desirable end. It will not

sacrifice, for instance, the distinct third-party character of the movement, nor *organized political action* on a farmer-labor basis, which has given the movement its present strength and prestige.

Of greater importance even than an outstanding national standard bearer is the organic, economic character of the third-party movement in the Northwest. Without conspicuous leadership it has won to its cause half the voters of Minnesota and North Dakota, has attained second place in Idaho and Washington, a close third place in South Dakota, Montana, Nebraska and Oklahoma, and substantial followings in Colorado, Texas and Kansas. Its leaders believe that even without wellknown national standard bearers in presidential years they can break up the existing political monopoly by consolidating their gains in the Northwest and extending their system into other states. This does not mean, however, that they would not go a long way to enlist a candidate for President whose name would bring prestige and votes.

One must understand the background of the St. Paul conference to gather its significance. This background is the development in the Northwest and particularly in Minnesota of the farmer-labor movement since 1915. This movement is much more than mere political insurgence against old party machines and revolt against economic monopolies.

Organized political action as practised in the Northwest originated with the farmers' Nonpartisan League in North Dakota. The Nonpartisan League resorted to organized political action for two very pertinent reasons:

First, the embattled farmers of North Dakota found themselves confronted by an organized industrial and financial power which functioned invisibly through the political government. It wore the mask of political democracy and ruled by controlling two political parties and keeping the people divided. There was no way to meet such a camouflaged power in direct combat except by organizing the people representing the basic economic interests attacked by this power—the farmers and industrial wage-earners. Organized political action became in North Dakota a uniting of the farmers in the political field to defend the threatened agricultural interests.

The second reason for using political action was the fact that the farmers' only defence at that time lay in the control of one or the other of the old political parties, which could not be realized except through a close organization of the actual farmer voters for that purpose.

This was the so-called North Dakota idea,

which was transformed in Minnesota after 1915 under new conditions into the Minnesota idea. When the hosts of Nonpartisan League organizers steered their ubiquitous Fords into Minnesota in 1915 and 1916 theirs was an agrarian invasion of a state that is largely industrial in character. The invaders not only found more than 50,000 embittered farmers ready and waiting to join the League, but they met an organized labor movement in Minnesota 100,000 strong, insurgent, militant and looking toward the future. Out of this contact arose the farmer-labor movement. Out of the farmer-labor movement came the development toward a political third party. If the North Dakota idea is "nonpartisan" organized political action, the Minnesota idea is party action on an organized basis by the real producers and all others who recognize that the liberation of the productive interests is not class action, but essentially mass action in the interest of true democracy.

Within two years of the beginning of the agrarian invasion of Minnesota there had arisen there the Working People's Nonpartisan League, designed to cooperate with the farmers' Nonpartisan League. The farmers' League was composed of closely organized, dues-paying individuals; the Labor League of affiliated dues-paying trade unions. It came in a few years to represent the bulk of the trade unions of the state.

The farmer-labor vote resulting from this political cooperation grew, rapidly, steadily and consistently. In 1918 after a campaign waged by the two Leagues for the joint gubernatorial candidate, Evans, the vote was 111,000. In 1920 the average vote for the candidates indorsed by the Leagues was about 200,000. The vote for Henrik Shipstead for governor was 250,000. In 1922 after the organization of the Farmer-Labor party, Shipstead was elected United States Senator by a vote of 325,000. Magnus Johnson, candidate for governor, received 295,000 votes. The average Farmer-Labor vote was forty-three percent of the total vote cast. In 1923 Magnus Johnson received 295,000 votes and was elected United States Senator. This was fifty-seven percent of the total vote cast.

No active leader in the Minnesota farmer-labor movement believes that adverse agricultural and labor conditions, or special grievances of voters, or an awakened desire to revolt against old party machines are the most important causes of this growing vote. They are agreed that the chief cause is the work of education and organization that has gone on steadily under the system of organized political action. It was a case of converting half the voters of a great state to a liberal or radical position by organized methods under conditions favorable to such conversion. The same adverse conditions experienced in Minnesota existed in other states, but there was no corre-

sponding change in the minds of the people. There would have been no change in Minnesota had there been no organized farmer-labor movement engaged in making that change. The Northwestern leaders firmly believe that what has been done in Minnesota and North Dakota and to a less degree in other Northwestern states can be done by the same methods in other states, and it cannot be done except by these or some other equally effective methods of political organization and education.

The change from the two Nonpartisan Leagues to a third party has not been entirely completed, but is proceeding rapidly. The process began in 1920 and was necessitated by inevitable developments. The Leagues made unsuccessful attempts to capture the Republican party and name in the primaries. In each case they were obliged to file an independent ticket in the general election in order to remain in the political struggle. In the meantime, the badly frightened stalwarts in the Republican party saw to it that the "nonpartisan" methods of the farmer and workers Leagues were made increasingly difficult until it became necessary to organize a third party, which was done in 1921. The Leagues were left intact as the two constituent wings of the party, which is only the common ground of joint committees and officials from the two Leagues. Efforts to bring about a still closer party organization culminated in September, 1923, in a conference which formulated a plan to federate the economic and political organizations of the farmers and labor, and other progressive groups, in a solid party which would supersede the two Leagues. This plan has been indorsed by practically the entire labor movement, and quite a number of farmer clubs and district organizations and other progressive groups.

Such is the background of the Northwestern third-party movement which may soon offer itself as the "working model" of a national third-party effort. The St. Paul conference, foreshadowing this, was called on the initiative of H. G. Teigen, secretary of the farmers' Nonpartisan League and William Mahomey, president of the Working People's Nonpartisan League. Following the election of Magnus Johnson to the Senate by the Farmer-Labor party, letters poured in to Minnesota from representatives of various third-party groups throughout the country suggesting that it take the lead and help to give America a third party like that in the Northwest. The officials of the Leagues evolved the idea of basing a national third-party movement on what had there been accomplished.

At the conference most of these states were represented by outstanding leaders. In addition insurgent Wisconsin was represented, as were the leading national third-party groups.

The Northwest progressive leaders who attend-

ed the conference have learned by hard experience that attractive theories and brilliant platforms alone will not entice the average American voter from his rockbound old party affiliations. He can be "organized" and "educated" away as he has been to a large extent in the Northwest, or he can be jolted loose by such impressive results as those of the Roosevelt progressive movement. The Northwest "nonpartisan" idea was based largely upon the "impressive-vote" plan. By capturing an old party name it aimed to keep close to the big vote.

The Northwest offers an encouraging third-party vote upon which to found a national third-party movement. In 1922 the average Farmer-Labor vote in North Dakota was practically equal to the opposition vote, the offices being almost equally divided (the Farmer-Labor forces secured the post of United States Senator and their opponents that of governor).

In 1922 the South Dakota vote for governor was Republican, 78,813; Democratic, 50,252;

Farmer-Labor, 46,775. In 1922, in Montana, Burton K. Wheeler was elected to the United States Senate after he had been forced upon the Democratic ticket by the Farmer-Labor alliance. In the election before he had run as an independent candidate of the Farmer-Labor forces. The vote for Wheeler in 1922 was 88,205; for his Republican opponent, 69,464.

The Progressive, or Farmer-Labor vote in Idaho in 1922 was 40,516; the Democratic vote was 36,810; the Republican vote was 50,538. In the 1922 election in the state of Washington Dill was indorsed by the conservative wing of the Farmer-Labor party. He ran on the Democratic ticket and received 130,347 votes against 126,410 for the Republican candidate. The radical wing of the Farmer-Labor party put up its own candidate who received 35,326 votes.

The Northwest third-party movement may yet become the wedge that will split the bi-partisan monopoly.

MURRAY E. KING.

The Mystery of Manet

THE hubbub provoked by Manet's pictures, the public abuse, the private insults, the notoriety which induced Degas sarcastically to observe "Il est plus connu que Garibaldi," have often led people to suppose that Manet invented impressionism. Such volumes of vituperation, they fancy, could never have been aimed at a single head; surely they were thrown to bespatter a movement: and the movement to be bespattered was impressionism, of course. As a matter of fact, Manet began to experiment in *pleinairisme* only about the year 1870, and the first of his pictures generally to be reckoned "impressionist," and as such reviled, was the *Argenteuil* exposed in 1875; whereas the pictures that aroused the grand brouhaha were *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, first exhibited in 1863, and *L'Olympia*, which was painted in the same year and shown in 1865. Both were painted in the studio in an arranged light, and neither is painted with the systematic palette and little touches which are the essential characteristics of impressionist painting.

What, then, was Manet's unpardonable offence, or what were his offences, in the eyes of academic painters and the general public? To suppose, as M. Jacques Blanche appears to suppose, that his sole offence lay in the fact that he was a good, contemporary artist is, I think, to overwork a good hypothesis. True enough it is that, so long as young, a good artist is almost always disapproved of by the flock and its bellwethers. Were Raphael living now—as, being a genuine artist, he probably would not be content to copy the work of some

one who painted four hundred years ago—it is equally probable that his pictures, on their first appearance, would be greeted with general execration. The established painters, the leading critics, the public and the old gentlemen who write to the papers would undoubtedly treat him as they treated Cézanne and Matisse; the Slade students would be forbidden to admire his work; and only with infinite difficulty would the Tate Gallery be compelled to accept one of his pictures as a gift. Nevertheless, it is probable that, as in the case of Cézanne, the general public would, after a few years, grow bored with the subject, while a few years later the professional painters—not, of course, the schoolmasters and directors of galleries—would come to recognize some part of his merit: whereas Manet was held in general execration for twenty years at least, and seventeen years after his death it required a superhuman effort to get *L'Olympia* accepted by the Luxembourg.

However, it is with that early storm of almost incredible violence which raged against Manet during the 'sixties—when little was heard of impressionism—that I am here concerned. What had Manet done that his name should be universally anathema? The academic painters found their pretext in his technique, which they declared to be clean contrary to the great tradition of painting. A theory had somehow got itself established in the studios that a pure color was never to be placed alongside another pure color, but was to be led up to through a series of semi-tones; the result of which theory was canvases whose uniform black-

ness was broken only here and there by a patch of high-light. This is chiaroscuro in its extreme development; a monstrosity with which we are all too familiar, and which is, I believe, still idolized by academicians in many parts of the world. Manet painted in bright colors juxtaposed in broad patches, and banished what was called "shade" from his pictures; he made his shadows out of colors, that is to say. To people who had seen only the academic pictures of the nineteenth century, Manet's may well have seemed alarmingly bright and lively. M. Paul Mantz, the Dr. MacColl of the 'sixties, himself grew purple at this opposition of clear tones and absence of dark brown shades; "*ces tableaux, dans leur bariolage rouge, bleu, jaune et noir, sont la caricature de la couleur et non la couleur elle-même*," he screamed. And, as I say, his screams would be comprehensible had he never seen anything but pictures by his academic contemporaries and their immediate predecessors. But, surely, even in 1865, eminent art critics and painters and amateurs must often have seen, if not the Italian primitives (which were then quite out of fashion), at any rate the Spanish masters, Ribera for instance, and the Dutch Frans Hals. There was nothing in Manet's technique greatly to astonish anyone acquainted with Spanish painting of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The ignorant public may have been slightly disconcerted: but how much does the ignorant public care for breaches of technical laws? The conservative painters and amateurs may have been disconcerted, too; but surely not enough to account for their fury. Under the cry of "revolutionary technique" they were concealing, I suspect, unconsciously perhaps in most cases, the indignant reactions of a prejudice less creditable and far more cherished.

That Manet got his technical inspiration from the Spaniards appears certain, though apparently M. Blanche would like to deny it. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that he believes Manet never was in Spain, though M. Duret has given a circumstantial account of meeting him at the Puerta del Sol in Madrid and spending some time with him in that city and at Toledo. Between two such witnesses one does not hesitate: there is not the slightest reason for disbelieving M. Duret. Manet's work betrays the influence of Goya and Velasquez as well as that of Ribera; what is more, Velasquez has left pictures no blacker than the lightest of Manet's, has juxtaposed tones without transitions, and for the fixed oppositions of light and shade has substituted a variable opposition of tones. Possibly Manet went further than any of the Spaniards in flattening his colors; but this is hardly enough to account for the frantic storm of moral indignation which broke and broke again about his ears. We must seek a cause closer to the surface.

"Vulgar realism" was what the newspapers accused him of, and here we are getting nearer to

a genuine motive. In 1865, you must remember, Ingres was still alive and the tradition of David still kicking, in so far as it can be said ever to have kicked. Art was expected to be noble and idealistic; that is to say, the subjects, of large pictures at any rate, were expected to be mythological or historical or at least picturesque. (N. B. picturesque subjects should be sought in remote or traditionally romantic countries—Bedouins hunting tigers in Africa are picturesque, or camels at the gates of Damascus.) Now the subjects of Manet's two great early works are neither historical nor picturesque, they are scenes taken from contemporary Parisian life: and it may be noted that when he defended the introduction of a naked woman amongst the dressed and bewhiskered gentlemen of *Le Déjeuner*, on the ground that Giorgione also had mixed nude and clothed figures, the answer was: "Yes, but Giorgione idealized his naked woman." Manet's preference for subjects drawn from contemporary life was undoubtedly resented from the very first; and I fancy it was this taste for modernity, or, rather, his distaste for ideal themes, which drew from his master, Couture, that bitter criticism, "*Allez, mon garçon! vous ne serez jamais que le Daumier de votre temps*."

Manet's "vulgar realism" displayed itself not only in his choice of subject, but, as I have already hinted, in his treatment of the nude. "The nude," played a prodigious part in the "ideal art" of the nineteenth century; but it was an ideal nude, a nude to do credit to the figures of nymphs and goddesses and heroines in distress, a nude based—so its perpetrators imagined—on a study of classical antiquity, the high renaissance, David and Ingres. Its contours had to be augustly round and inflated, its attitudes had to be traditional, its muscles more or less Olympian; above all, it had to be as innocent of any particular flavor or character as if it had come from Chicago in a tin. Needless to say, to produce this staple article an elaborate process had been invented which was perseveringly taught in the schools. A good part of Manet's vulgar realism consisted in the fact that he despised alike the process and the product.

But Manet was not the first: Courbet had already gone to contemporary life for his subjects, and denounced with the utmost violence academic beauty and the idealized nude. Also, like Constable and Corot, long before the impressionists, he had painted in the open; but as he only made studies there, and retired always to the studio to elaborate his work, he cannot properly be considered the master of that movement. Of Manet, however, he was the master; and instead of regarding Manet as the founder of impressionism it would be more just to think of him as the descendant of Courbet. From Courbet he inherited one or two technical characteristics and the greater part of what was called his realism, and from

Courbet he inherited an enormous load of hatred. Courbet was born in 1819, thirteen years before Manet, and had his greatness been fully appreciated by the 'sixties, Manet's art would never have shocked as it did; which notwithstanding, there is in *Le Déjeuner* and *L'Olympia* a quality more disquieting still than anything to be found in the art of Courbet, something which outraged the feelings of people who had contrived with wry faces to swallow the realism of the master of Ornans.

Manet's realism is, to borrow a term from his own language, more actual. It is true that Courbet's nudes were no longer nymphs and goddesses, but they were models. To be sure, the naked lady in *Le Déjeuner* is a model, too; but she is a model off duty. She is the sort of girl you might have met any day of the week hurrying up *la rue Blanche*, and she has unmistakably been taken out for a picnic by two young gentlemen whom you might have met any day in the quartier des Batignolles. *L'Olympia* is even worse; she is just a Parisienne. You may divine her forms any day in a hundred cafés and "dancings" beneath a thousand different frocks. There she lies on her Indian shawl, with her black servant and her black cat, a confessed demi-mondaine chez elle. And, to give a final touch of shockingness to the affair, not only was this thin, angular, acid, and strongly characterized young body the exact opposite of the ideal of the academies, it affronted equally the ideal of the vieux marcheurs. It is, as M. Jacques Blanche well says, of a "sensualité moderne, 'baudelairienne.'"

And so we find the chief cause of Manet's shocking reputation just where we should expect to find it—in the subjects of his pictures: subject being the only thing in a picture which nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of ten thousand can understand at all. All this about the sinfulness of juxtaposing pure tones we may dismiss as the expression merely of the testiness of a few old and ignorant professors. Neither do I believe that his habit of flattening his forms did him so very much harm with the public, though it did make his pictures "unlifelike"—unlike photographs that means: the pictures of Ingres and David are unlifelike too, and so, for that matter, are those of Raphael, and so is Greek sculpture. His "realism" no doubt gave offence: it was permissible to paint contemporary still life and genre, but to treat scenes of contemporary life on so large a scale—as though they were grand mythological or historical subjects—was felt to be something like an affront to national honor. And when you combine this last reproach with the one before, when you realize that he was not only taking contemporary life for his theme but was flattening it out too; when you realize that he was stylizing, distorting, things that were familiar to the general public; that he was finding motives in that public's own daily life and positively treating them artistically;

you will see that he was doing something very bad indeed—that he was doing much what the impressionists did, and deserved as much obloquy as they got.

He got more: for though the contemptuous hilarity provoked by Manet's pictures was not perhaps greater than that provoked by the pictures of Renoir or Monet, the virulence of moral censure was undoubtedly more intense. There is nothing surprising in this: though the period from 1850 to 1870 is among the glorious in the glorious history of French art; though it is illustrated by the names of Ingres, Delacroix, Chasseriau, Corot, Daumier, Courbet, Carpeau, and the Impressionists; by Flaubert, Baudelaire, Renan, Mérimée, and half a dozen more great writers; yet is it the period at which French society was at its ugliest—one of the few really ugly moments in the social history of France. The disease—the pervasion of middle-class standards—gnawed everywhere. England, the leader of modern industrialism, was naturally the most furiously afflicted; but France did not escape. And on the top of the middle-class mediocrity and respectability of Louis-Philippe came the vulgar, cheap-jack gaiety of the court of Napoleon III. Now when on the top of a solid, stupid, conventional mass you get a more free-mannered élite, which fears its inferiors and dare not affront the prejudices of the herd, atrocious hypocrisy is bound to ensue. We had a taste of that sort of thing in England at the beginning of last century, when a tradition of civilization still lingered from the eighteenth amongst the classes who stood in perpetual terror of a prudish bourgeoisie and the mass beneath it. Read Byron and reflect upon his fate. Under Napoleon III the upper classes acted with considerable freedom while professing abject submission to the prejudices of Monsieur Joseph Prudhomme. The result was hypocrisy blacker even than that of mid-Victorian England, where the upper classes more sincerely toed the middle-class line. Into this world came Edouard Manet, quite unconcernedly referring to the notorious fact that young ladies from Montmartre think nothing of bathing naked with young gentlemen who have often seen them without their clothes on, and that demi-mondaines, lolling on *lits-de-repos*, receive nonchalantly bouquets from their "kind keepers." He called attention to it, by accident as it were, without one mitigating shudder or one palliating leer; he took it simply as the motive for a completely disinterested, a positively chaste, work of art. Here, he seemed to say, is a scene from contemporary life which inspires an admirable composition. No wonder the virtuous who gloried in their indignation at vicious scenes, and the vicious who revelled in their sense of naughtiness, were alike furious with the man who regarded such things merely as subjects.

CLIVE BELL.

The Red Man's Burden

THE recent meeting in Washington of the so-called Committee of One Hundred, appointed last spring by the Secretary of the Interior to advise with him on Indian affairs made but little stir in the newspapers, though many reporters were gathered at the first session to record the scandals it would supposedly let loose. From the moment when the affairs of the Pueblo Indians became a national issue the solid buttresses of the Indian Bureau have been shaking. The Bursum bill furnished the dynamite for the charge, and through the breaches in the walls many draughts of air and many rays of light have penetrated. When Secretary Fall he "soon learned that those interested in these aboriginal Americans, from altruistic motives or from mercenary purposes, and those responsible to the government for official acts were at variance on many details, and that the public mind was in a state of chaos on the subject." To invite chaos to bring order out of chaos had its irony as well as its astuteness, and the Secretary may have smiled to himself when he invited Catholic bishops, Presbyterian missionaries and Jewish rabbis, ethnologists and Y. W. C. A. workers, leading radical publicists, leading emancipated Indians and representatives of welfare societies—not to mention all sorts of other elements—to share the same counsels.

But although seventy-five percent of the committee, travelling often across the continent, and at their own expense, turned up in Washington—enough elements to roast the Indians' goose by every known method of culinary art—the spirit of these people was so finely sincere and so considerably eager for common constructive action that something, if not all that the liberals hoped, was accomplished. The subject was enormous, there was no clear leadership and no chairman of mark or efficiency. Yet agenda comprising seven essential and inclusive topics: Health and Sanitation, Education, Land Policy, Citizenship, Tribal Relations, Indian Administration, Special Problems, were put through. Discussion, though polite as to the personalities of the Indian Service, was frank and from the shoulder as to the system. The final resolutions, as offered to the Secretary, "side-step" many positive issues, such as the pending Pueblo legislation; including the most vital of all: that inevitable reform and reorganization of the Indian Bureau which would make reforms in policy effective. Yet if the Secretary is wise, he will see in his meeting the yeast which can create the bread of American Indian life anew.

If I had to put in a word the total vision of

the modern Indian problem, which somehow rose from the mouths of the speakers and floated above the meetings, I should call it a vision of *poverty*: our Indian ward, in spite of his vast land reservations, in spite of the gigantic and expensive bureaucracy, and the innumerable missions and welfare societies created on his behalf is immensely and incredibly poor, by American standards, not only in actual wealth, but in life and happiness and opportunity. Consider first, that there are 340,000 Indians distributed among more than one hundred tribes and living in twenty-eight states. One hundred thousand of them are no longer government wards. On the 240,000 that remain altogether or in part under governmental care, \$42,000,000 were spent by the Indian Bureau in the last fiscal year, two-thirds of this total in per capita payments from the Indian estate, the other third, over \$14,000,000 for education, medical service, irrigation and the like. Yet there was testimony of the strongest, from every quarter, as to the pitiful inadequacy of this sum to provide the Indian with his minimum needs. The shocking lacks in Indian health and education, the large numbers of children not in school, the widespread condition of tuberculosis, trachoma, venereal disease, largely due to the underpayment of insufficient and mediocre teachers, doctors, matrons, nurses, dentists, and the lack of school and hospital facilities were described at the meeting in no uncertain terms.

Yet it was also brought out, that besides the tribal lands of the Indians, which amount to more than 20,000,000 acres and the tribal funds, which run up to \$70,000,000, there are in excess of \$35,000,000 of *individual* funds in the hands of the Indian Bureau, of which no sort of accounting to individuals or to the public is ever made. Why is it that this great business estate which has disclosed, in recent years, such riches in oil alone, cannot support 340,000 Indians, without a cent from the taxpayer? It can only be because the Indian Bureau is an inefficient guardian and trustee. The concentration of so many functions in one bureau, highly centralized, and with almost tsar-like powers—yet not really integrated in its parts, antiquated in its methods of recording and accounting—is unsound from the administrative standpoint, as General Scott and many others set forth with chapter and verse. Undoubtedly, on the side of exploitation, leaseholders and capitalists are getting the benefit of concessions which profit neither the Indian nor the government.

The Indian knows well that he has actual and potential wealth from which he is not receiving due return, that he is practically—the rich Indians

even in Oklahoma being a mere handful—in a state of economic peonage. And the most intelligent representatives of the race at the conference certainly knew, as well as the bishops and the scientists, that with this went a curious moral situation, in which the potential powers and ancestral gifts of the race were receiving no outlet or development. If an Indian wishes to become an American citizen he can do so, if he is pronounced duly competent after years and formalities, but only if he accepts allotment of his share of the tribal land or sunders all the natural ties of race and tribe. Meanwhile we are sheltering him in a fashion to destroy his faith in his tribal past, without really preparing him to meet the sharp conditions of the white man's competitive world, and without giving him the sense of "belonging," as an insider, on this modern continent which he has so anciently inhabited. Every American with a sense of human and national dignity who has had much to do with Indians has suffered in his self-esteem in seeing the anomalous and powerless condition to which we have reduced this proud and independent race: first by the militaristic suppression and concentration of the tribes, then by the tutelary and assimilative policy now in vogue.

Assimilation as at present practised is not working: that is the simple truth. Fee simple allotment has been a disastrous failure on almost all the reservations, for the reason that the Indian is not as yet educated to individualism. How should he leap in one or two generations the many centuries that have carried the rest of us forward from tribalism? History shows that deprived of his natural communal ties, taught to despise his very father and mother, yet instinctively thinking and feeling according to the psychology of a group, he turns for support to any grafting protector, to any miserable community cluster on his path. Therefore to grant the ballot immediately to all Indians, to parcel their estate, and turn them loose in the American competitive jungle, as Congressman Clyde Kelly and others have advised, would not solve the situation. The debate on citizenship tended at the Washington Conference to a deadlock between those who asked universal emancipation and those who advocated swaddling clothes. But it revealed very clearly the need of a third condition midway between the two, some sort of restricted citizenship or guardianship which, while protecting the Indian's property, would nevertheless give him personal dignity, enable him to use his spiritual and material estate to advantage, and make his own choices. So long as we continue to talk of him, as Secretary Work himself did, as "less fortunate," as an object of our altruistic concern instead of at least as much of a man, with at least as many natural and racial ties with his past as the immigrant who enters our ports—so long we shall keep him an "inferior." Surely the Indian

has the right to make, as slowly or as quickly as he likes, his own adaptations to our civilization; to practice his own religion in his own way, to dance as heart and tradition enjoin and create his own clubs, fraternities and other forms of social activity independently of pap-fed Y. M. C. A.'s, and bureaucratic or militaristic superintendents.

Both Will Irwin and Oswald Villard pointed out that not an argument against Indian citizenship but was used against the emancipation of women and Negroes. Yet this committee would not even vote a resolution asking the Indian Bureau to *endeavor* to terminate its guardianship within twenty years. One remembers the consternation that fell on a banquet of settlement workers some fifteen years ago when Jane Addams said that the aim of social settlements should be to make themselves unnecessary. Certainly, unless the Indians are to be kept away from all white contacts—and no one seriously suggests that this is possible—the aim of the Indian Bureau should be to abolish itself as soon as may be. The aim, yes. But what of the method of bridging the gap which exists between two cultures? The Indian tribes themselves are as varied as the peoples of Europe. That is undoubtedly the crux of the whole problem, and one to which Americans of distinguished intelligence have failed to give sufficient attention. I have before me a document which might well have been read at the conference, or transmitted to the Secretary of the Interior with the various schemes of Bureau reorganization proposed by General Scott and others. It was framed by two really creative thinkers on Indian affairs, now unfortunately dead, Natalie Curtis and Robert Valentine, the latter Indian Commissioner under Taft, and suggests that as the work of the government for the Indian is above all a work of social service and as the government is limited by such facts as an inadequate and confused body of Indian law, a chaotic public opinion, an unwieldy bureaucratic system, there should be organized in supplement an Indian Social Service Association. This association should have time and facilities for developing a long distance social program, enforced by informed public opinion and followed by congressional action. It should become a sort of training school for the government Indian service of superior men and women, at superior pay, and should be closely aided by such highly equipped agencies of Indian knowledge as the Smithsonian Institution. As it is, the Indian Bureau appears to exist to pull down what the Smithsonian is laboriously building up. Natalie Curtis's view was that all Indian teachers should go through a course of training at this Institution before being sent into the field, as candidates for the English consular service are trained in anthropology at the British Museum, and that the racially vital arts and crafts and music, the racially vital industrial and social gifts of the Indian should be

cultivated to the full for the benefit of the American as well as the Indian community.

The Washington conference showed more intelligent interest in practical than in cultural reforms. It urged a complete study of Indian health by the National Health Council and generally speaking the opening of all public health and educational agencies of the government and the states to the Indians. Its resolution on the Indian dance question was a toothless compromise, and its educational recommendations were mediocre. One piece of politics frankly put over by one wing of the committee on the rest was accomplished at the White House, where the Hundred had been invited to meet the President. No program had been discussed and the members observed with surprise, at the tail of the procession, Miss Ruth Muskrat, an Indian student of Mount Holyoke College, suddenly clad in skins, her head bound with a bead fillet, holding a volume, bead- and skin-bedecked, in her hand, which she offered to the Great White Father with a prettily delivered speech. No doubt the President honestly believed that The Red Man in the United States, which summarized only the missionary and "extreme right" view of the Indian question, represented the reasoned conclusions of the committee's deliberations.

Like a stream disappearing in the sand, the committee seeped out of the White House, after this curious calamity, while the "Indian Princess" and Miss Edith Dabb, who had just sent a memorial to every Congressman asking the complete suppression of Pueblo dances by the government, on

grounds of immorality, took lunch with the President. General Scott and General Miles, two fine old fighting figures, descended into the street arm in arm, shaking their white heads. No doubt the Pimas, starving for fifteen years, would go on starving. No doubt the Board of Indian Commissioners would continue to recommend appropriations that were never granted. No doubt hospitals would continue to close in midwinter because the order for coal had not come from Washington before the snow drifted the roads. As a Catholic bishop rose to say, a little later, in a tone of despair: "We have come all this distance—and we go home leaving *the same old system in the saddle.*"

Is this to be the verdict of the country? Shall the Indian Bureau go on for another hundred years, a paradise for place hunters, a large barrel of congressional pork, a home for worthy fourth-rate officials, with a small interested public muddling along the edges? Secretary Work dismissed his committee with a vague statement that he might sometime want to call it together again. Yet, this committee is capable, reinforced by thinkers of the calibre of John Dewey or Roscoe Pound, of becoming in a slightly different form the organization of which Valentine and Miss Curtis dreamed. The Indian Bureau has been aimed at by too many popguns and torpedoes. The Indian himself has suffered from too many good intentions. The race and the system now need solid sober mind, creative vision, shot from a Big Bertha at the very heart of the citadel.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

What British Labor Will Do

TWO months ago, if an American visitor in London had set himself to inquire among the leaders and organizers of the British Labor party as to our hopes and expectations, he might have summed up the answer thus: The more optimistic among us thought it just possible that with great good luck we might, by one of the accidents which are always possible under our capricious electoral system, form the first Labor government about four years hence. Even that was a sanguine calculation, at which most of us smiled sceptically. The outlook has been transformed by the impulsive amateur tactics of Mr. Baldwin, and today it is certain that unless some political earthquake should occur in the interval, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will have formed the first Labor Cabinet before January is out.

We owe our good luck partly to his good leadership, but chiefly to the gross errors of both the opposing parties. There is nothing surprising

in the growth of the Labor vote, and the rise of our party to what is evidently a secure position as the second in strength of the three, which is the normal position in every industrial country in Europe. German socialism is relatively stronger. We have in MacDonald a leader who is in character, intellect and personal distinction worthy of the place he has attained. The party organization under Mr. Henderson is both capable and honest. The appalling conditions of the past three years, with the number of our unemployed never below and often far above a million, might well have created a much bigger and a much more revolutionary movement. The surprising thing is not our growth, but the failure of our opponents to combine effectively against us.

I talked with several able foreigners who happened to be in London during and immediately after the election. Every one of them, the socialists as well as the non-socialists, had formed the

same expectation. "It is incredible," they all said, "that Labor will be allowed to form a ministry. The only conceivable solution is a Liberal-Tory coalition." So, in any other country, it would have been. So in England also it might have been had not Mr. Lloyd George contrived to make the very thought of coalition nauseating. There are some left wing Liberals who would welcome a coalition with Labor, and a very few right wing Labor men who are of the same opinion—so few, however, that only one of them has spoken out. There are some Liberals and Tories who hope for a Centre party, but they also have had to realize that the moment for its creation is not yet. It was ruined by the unscrupulous silliness of its advocates. There is no doubt that Mr. George, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead did come together before the election to concert their tactics with the two chiefs of the syndicate which rules the popular press. Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook were to destroy Mr. Baldwin by withholding the support of their innumerable newspapers, and then to force a combination under the other four heroes. It looked like a formidable task. It succeeded only in disgusting the country. The two press peers have thrown away such political influence as they possessed. Mr. George has seen his personal following in Parliament dwindle from fifty-five to twelve. All his lieutenants were defeated—Mr. Churchill, Sir Alfred Mond, Sir Hamar Greenwood (the creator of the Black and Tans), Mr. Hilton Young (his "Whip") and Mr. Shakespeare (his secretary).

After this disaster it is not at all surprising that prudent men are shy of coalitions. The thing was done with a clumsy treachery which offended the intelligence and disgusted the moral sense of the country. Mr. Asquith, in spite of his inertia, and his lack of magnetism, imagination and constructive power; Mr. Baldwin, in spite of the naïveté of his tactics and his disastrous ignorance of the trend of public opinion, have both survived as leaders, for the plain reason that the average man, though he cannot admire their leadership, trusts them as straight and honorable men. I believe that a Liberal-Tory coalition, probably at first in a very loose form, is in the long run inevitable, but at the moment it is impossible, and some months at least will pass before it begins to come into being.

During these few months Labor will have its exciting and precarious opportunity. In spite of the patent disadvantage of attempting to govern without a majority, Labor is bound to assume office. To stand aside and permit the Liberals with their still smaller party to do it, would be interpreted as a confession of conscious incapacity. Our term of office will probably be brief, but if we avoid gross blunders, it cannot fail to

turn to our advantage. The two chief obstacles to our growth in the past have been (1) reasonable doubt as to whether we have the capacity to govern, and (2) the power of the bogeys dressed up by our opponents. Whatever else may happen, we shall banish the cruder of these nightmares. The danger is not that we shall do anything risky and rash: it is that we may fail to do anything at all. There are at present millions of quiet but stupid electors, who have been taught to believe that we shall loot their comfortable villas, desecrate their churches, and wallow in their blood. They will gradually realize that we are sane and normal Englishmen. As to capacity, we shall have the advantage of succeeding the least distinguished ministry in recent history. Our Cabinet may contain rather too many of the older leaders whose services cannot be disregarded. The younger men, whether manual workers or "intellectuals," may have to shine in minor posts. Two offices cause some anxiety—those of the Foreign Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. MacDonald—who has gained through travel and through the close intercourse of more than twenty years with the leaders of the European socialist movement, an intimate knowledge of foreign affairs which Sir Edward Grey, for example, lacked when he took office—is obviously the man to conduct our foreign policy. He has, moreover, the personality and dignity which this office demands. Unfortunately he is also the best man for the daily leadership of the party in the House of Commons. These are both exacting posts, and even with his zest for work, it is doubtful if he could combine them. That difficulty has somehow to be solved. Mr. J. R. Thomas (the able leader of the railwaymen, a good speaker, and a clever tactician, but a member of our Extreme "Right") would be a very bad selection for the Foreign Office, but a good Deputy-Leader in the House.

Those of us who agree with Mr. Maynard Keynes in thinking that the conservatism and inconsistency of British currency policy since 1918, are the cause of the appalling dimensions and the protraction of our trade crisis are anxious that a man of supple mind and financial capacity, open to new ideas and capable of bold action, should be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Philip Snowden has claims to this post. No one doubts his great ability, his oratorical power, or his mastery of his subject. But his is a Conservative mind, and it is only his steadiness in opposing the war and his habit of indulging in biting epigrams which have caused people outside the party to regard him as an "extremist." He would be the safest of the orthodox chancellors at a time which calls for bold innovation. Our ablest economist in the House is Mr. Pethick-Lawrence (who overthrew Mr. Churchill) but he is a newcomer unlikely to reach Cabinet rank at once. With his assistance,

however, Mr. Clynes might do well in this great office. But I will speculate no further, save to say we all hope and expect that Miss Margaret Bondfield, with her rare ability and rarer charm, will be the first woman to enter the Cabinet. With Mr. Sidney Webb among the veterans, and Mr. Frank Hodges, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Noel Buxton among the younger men, the ministry will not lack ability.

There is no room for doubt as to the aims which will guide the party. Its first task, one might even say its sole task, will be to tackle our colossal problem of unemployment. It will recognize Russia, and endeavor by credit facilities to expand our trade with her. It will attempt with a single mind, what poor Mr. Baldwin with a divided Cabinet and a hostile press, tried in vain to achieve—the rescue of Germany. Up to a point and in general terms there is on all three topics a measure of agreement between the Liberals and ourselves. It remains to be seen how far and how long they will tolerate our handling of them in detail.

As to monetary policy I can say nothing, for vital though I believe it to be, it is a subject which neither the daily papers, nor the platform orators have begun to discuss. The four political weeklies, the *Spectator* (Conservative), the *Nation* (Liberal), the *New Statesman* ("Right" Labor) and my own paper, the *New Leader* ("Left" Labor) are all, oddly enough, in agreement. But the bankers are at variance, and the attitude of parties, when at last the question forces itself upon us, unpredictable. The probability is that Labor will not go beyond the first safe step of setting up a commission of inquiry on the bearing of deflation upon unemployment. What it will certainly do is to promote an ambitious program of constructive work, partly for the reëquipement of the railways, the erection of great electric power stations and many smaller purposes, partly for the supply of our crying shortage of houses. In principle no one will oppose. The industrial groups in Parliament (i. e., the big manufacturers and engineers, mainly Tory, partly Liberal) had for some months recommended such a policy to Mr. Baldwin and had criticized him with some vigor for his failure to adopt it, save on a trifling scale.

But this, and every other expedient for making work, involves expenditure, even if we resort, as we should have to do, to loans. We cannot go far in this direction without confronting problems of finance which seem insoluble. Our own expedient, of course, would be to clear off one-third of the war debt by a graduated capital levy, and so to free revenue for our normal needs, and for constructive social purposes. This is to our minds the scientific and equitable way of extinguishing debts and we oppose it to the disastrous and inequitable method which our continental allies

adopted when they wiped up the real value of their debts by currency depreciation. But on this expedient, the Liberals (though many of them at one time toyed with the idea) have placed their veto. A heavy deficit is expected in the next budget, even if no new expenditure is incurred. The normal resources of taxation are, in the present state of trade, exhausted. We might make crushing additions to the income tax, but the revolt of the middle class would be formidable and not without justification. We have knowingly faced unpopularity and misrepresentation, because we believe that the capital levy is the only way of escape. It will not be easy to compose any budget which balances, and it may be impossible to invent one without the levy, which would enable us to fulfill even a modest part of our pledges. I confess that in these conditions it seems to me unlikely that the Labor government could, without weak compromises prolong its own life much beyond April when the budget must be introduced. The only consideration which might possibly save it for a time, is that the financial outlook may be so unattractive, that neither of our rivals may feel tempted to shoulder the responsibility of dealing with it.

Foreign policy may offer surer ground. For the recognition of Russia, Liberal opinion and even some Tory opinion is ripe. There are two possible ways of achieving it. The bold and generous way, which would be, I believe, the wiser way, would be to extend *de jure* recognition at once, without bargaining. The necessary negotiations to give form to Russia's general recognition of debts and claims would follow. We should not be without the means of bargaining, for the trade credits, which we are prepared to grant, are vital for her rapid development. If we go about this business in a friendly and large minded way, we can end the dangerous pariah mood in which Russia has lived, and hasten her recovery to the great advantage of her people and our own. If on the other hand we should be so ill-advised as to start first upon a long haggling bargain, reserving recognition to the end, we may destroy any prospect of cordial relations.

Another point of policy which admits of no doubt turns on Singapore, Mosul and the oil complex. One of our first administrative acts will be to stop the project of building the naval dock at Singapore. Another, I imagine, will be to withdraw our claims to the oil field of Mosul. But this curious chapter of secret history will want much probing. We shall not hesitate to depart from the economic imperialism of previous British governments, but we must also beware of furthering the no less objectionable designs of others. The best tactics would be to drag the whole question into the light of day and to work out an equitable international solution.

There remains the central question of French ambitions and the future of Europe. Here we start with some advantages. We are in this matter a completely united party, and we may reckon on a measure of Liberal good-will and even on the warm support of such enlightened conservatives as Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Baldwin, with the Times and the Observer. We shall have the confidence and aid of the whole socialist movement in Europe, an advantage which no other British Cabinet could enjoy. The first condition of success, which to my mind, has always been plain, straight speech, will be attained, for that will be Mr. MacDonald's strategy. There will be no more dishonest pretenses of "benevolent neutrality," no more declarations that the French and ourselves are in full agreement. It is evident from the belated efforts which M. Poincaré and his official press made to assist Mr. Baldwin at the recent general election, that France dreaded a Labor or Liberal success. On the other hand the French may reckon that our term of office will be brief, and they may attempt to play upon the suppressed distrust of Labor, both in England and beyond it. That would be a grave mistake, for when we fall, it will be to make way for the Liberals. Moreover the experience of like tactics when Mr. George was in power, suggests that if foreign propaganda is used to discredit a British minister, it ends by winning for him a wider support than he would command on his sole merits.

Our chance of success depends, perhaps, on our ability to repeat in much more difficult conditions, what Mr. Wilson did so admirably in the first period of his enterprise—to rouse the world out of its acquiescence in evil, to shake it by brave words and braver deeds out of its cynicism, to create a mood in which it will respond to strong leadership. Words alone will not suffice. We must contrive by deeds to prove that for us at least the era of imperialism is ended. If we begin by ending the ostracism of Russia, if we next clear our record of militarism in Singapore and of imperialist greed in Mosul, if we show a new spirit in Egypt, and also in India, is there in Europe, is there in America a public opinion which will rally to our support?

A conference in itself would be no solution. There have been endless conferences, all of them futile. But if we can in this despairing world, stir a mood of energy and hope, if we can give the peoples a leadership in which they can believe, if we come into conference with clean hands and without self-seeking, will there be from Europe, but above all from America, a response which will carry our impetus forward to success? In this spirit we shall set to work, caring little when we fall, provided only that we have kept our record and our ideals unsullied.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Bandwagon

GOVERNMENT BY THE BEST MINDS:
MORE PROOF WE NEED A LARGER ARMY

In one year we spend six times as much for soda and confections as we spend for military purposes.

—*Secretary Weeks.*

THE BEACON LIGHT OF JOURNALISM.

We have much to learn from American newspapers. I have already revolutionized the classified advertising in France along American lines, with great success.

—*Paul Dupuy, editor of Le Petit Parisien.*

PUTS CITY BEFORE SELF

Miss New York, who won third prize, also is a brunette. She is Miss Reba Owen, who wears her dark brown hair bobbed and fluffy. She says she is glad New York was among those named, even if it is only third prize.

"It isn't so much for myself that I care," she said, "but I did want New York to be one of the winners."

—*New York World.*

THE FEE IS \$36: THE DIPLOMA IS
ELEVEN AND A HALF BY TWELVE

Unbelievable as it may seem, this school actually instructs how by simple procedure to restore many classes of dead persons to life.

—*Bulletin of the Natureopathic Health School, 759 East 37th Street, Chicago.*

PRONOUNCED O. K. BY POLISH SOLDIER

I am satisfied with the spirit of America.

—*General Joseph Haller, interviewed by the Boston Transcript.*

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.

(Prayer at the inauguration of the Governor of Arizona)

O, Thou Eternal Jehovah, on this inaugural day, as this grand old Roman assumes the gubernatorial responsibilities of this great Commonwealth, grant that he may have the support and cooperation of all sections: from the golden West, where the sun gilds the Western hills and the beautiful Colorado winds its way like a silver thread on its way to the ocean; from the North, where the snow-capped mountains and waving pines kiss the skies and aurora borealis shines at midnight like the noonday sun; from the East, where the quivering, glimmering rays of the coming sun prophesy the approach of the coming day and the stars pour their lustre on the mountain slopes; from the sunny South, where the notes of the nightingale are more melodious than the lays and lutes of Olympus and the song of the mocking bird sweeter than the sound of the dulcimer that is heard in the shadow of death.

Grant, O Lord, that Arizona may be regarded as the playground of the angels.

Saint Joan

Saint Joan, a Chronicle Play by Bernard Shaw, Garrick Theatre, December 28, 1923.

WHEN we have seen the performance of Saint Joan at the Garrick and have had a day or two with the memory of it, we are apt now and again to think it a great play. And this is not because we appreciate more and more what is created in this work of Shaw's, but rather because of what is promised, what is suggested, and intended. Our minds are teeming with the legend itself, and with the ideas involved in Shaw's treatment of it; ideas of nationalism, Protestantism, the struggle of communities and individuals, of sanity, inspiration and private vision, and finally of the saint, something in us that can outstrip wars, that fire cannot burn or human vanity destroy, and that men at the same time desire most of all things and most strive to put from them. And so the play looms large.

But while the play is in progress and these characters of five hundred years ago are walking our stage, we do not always see these ideas created. Many of them remain mere theory or intrusion, and never discover their due form in character or speech or dramatic incident. For them Shaw does not find a created body that reveals the idea and is inseparable from it. The mystical themes achieve little mystical beauty to convey them to us and give them a complete existence that might be persuasive and infectious. The social and political and partisan comments remain too often extraneous and obviously insistent. And the taste as usual in Shaw's work for the theatre is never secure.

As mere Shavian style the writing is often flattened by comparison with much of Shaw; the old ictus of the syllables, the animation of rhythm, has often subsided. In such a scene for instance—the worst in the play—as that on the bank of the Loire, where Joan comes to rouse Dunois and to lead the siege, Shaw's writing drops very low. If he insists on reproving the vanities of poetical authors and on making his characters talk as they talked in life, on a firm naturalism in short, he needs to record a more biting and simple diction and dialogue. If not this naturalistic truth, he must create in words the hardihood, uncertainty and vision of the human spirits there. The glamor must come over to us, the fortitude and poetry and folly. The best writing in the entire play falls to the thinkers in it, to the Archbishop of Rheims, Peter Cauchon of Beauvais and the Inquisitor. In the scenes where these characters appear, the certainty of the style rises higher and higher; the line of the scenes themselves is not always firm, but the words of these men are alive with intellectual passion and vigor; Shaw at his best and most serious.

The story of Saint Joan up to the final act is the usual one. The peasant maid persuades the rulers to send her to the court. She discovers the Dauphin in spite of his disguise among the courtiers. She leads France victoriously against the English. She is tried and burned as a heretic. But even that first scene has a burly upheaval to it with the Shavian irony, the strong men suffer conversion more by the hen's laying again than by anything in Joan's heavenly voices. And the scenes in which the leaders of the church and state confer, and especially that scene when Joan's cause is tried, exhibit a splendid intellectual passion, a fine and moving drama of mind and feeling. In these scenes there is a magnificent struggle set forth, of man's humanity in its single, individual intensity on the one hand, and on the other the sense of a larger humanity of which society is the

body. These men know the necessity, political and natural also to the course of human events, of Joan's condemnation; they know that Joan is both wrong and right; they know that so personal and confident a visionary, must be regulated and controlled, since faith and radiance in one creature need not be wisdom for all. These men give us the drama of the perpetual injustice and necessity of what must be done in life, and they show us what the pathos and irony of life at such a crisis comes to be. And what these characters are and do Shaw is able to create.

The final act is an original addition on Shaw's part. In it the Dauphin, now King of France, with his title cleared, the scandal on his birth removed, and his general honor salvaged by the investigation that has proved the innocence of Joan, falls asleep, and sees the old rout of characters return from death. They bring with them their old confusions and their new light; Joan comes and hears them and speaks to them. The scene is too long, too insistent, and in many of its ideas wears too much an air of bravura and novelty and pepper. But it has a fine stir in it and in it the central theme of the play reaches, almost thrillingly, its full volume.

Mr. Philip Moeller's direction of Saint Joan is the best that I have seen from his hand; the most direct and most sustained. Mr. Raymond Sovey's settings are fair enough in the chateau and trial scenes. In the scene at court the costumes—as well as the manner and bearing of the attendants—are bad, amateurish. The scene by the Loire, in the style of Little Boy Blue, and sweeter still, is Mr. Sovey's worst.

Mr. Philip Leigh as the Dauphin is an interesting figure throughout; he finds for the part an irregular, caustic whimsicality, a weak cynicism and wavering, indolent force, that are always engaging. Mr. Travers played the bull-headed Britisher monk very well, considering the fact that Shaw has over-written and over-cluttered what is really a fine creation. Mr. Ian Maclaren's Cauchon was noble and intellectual; Mr. Macaulay's Inquisitor almost the best acting in the play; and Mr. Bruning's Archbishop good. Most of the other actors except the two pages were endurable. Unluckily it is the part of Joan that Shaw himself is least able to write. You can see clearly what he intends to do for her. But she remains talked rather than created. The intention behind the part and the historical tradition manage to make this Joan more or less acceptable; but the actual writing of her falls a long way short of imagination or magnetism and certainly far from poetry, humble or sublime as the instant may demand. Indeed if you depend strictly on her speeches and reactions Shaw's Joan is far from being either a great or a lovely or even a scourging spirit, though she has the honesty and quick wits and lively obstinacy and courage of her creator himself.

Miss Lenihan's performance of Joan by comparison with most of the actors available for the part, is good and certainly close to the rôle as Shaw actually writes it. Even with what Miss Lenihan has to bring to it, the portrayal still lacks study and will improve with time. At present there are a few lonely moments and some brave effort. And there is a sincerity and honesty of intention that is unusual among our young actresses, and that deserves and compels a careful criticism. In the first place, then, Miss Lenihan's Joan is monotonous vocally; and the whole rhythm, inner and outer, lacks flow and poignancy. Miss Lenihan, as she plays this peasant girl with her heavenly voices and her power over men, exhibits determination rather than the force of vision, which is to be approached only with passionate effacement. Her Joan has character rather than

inspiration, and confidence rather than light. The quality of her Joan is direct enough but not pure; it is not enough untouched with things outside it. For most of the scenes Miss Lenihan and Bernard Shaw hurt each other by evincing the same limitations for the creation of such a part. What they do need is more of a contagious and beautiful fanaticism and destroying flame. They need to know more of what arises out of the wonder and solitude of the soul; to know how to be less assertive and more luminous; and finally to know better what it costs a fine spirit to be strong.

STARK YOUNG.

The New Society Exhibition

OF the New Society of Artists it may be said that their exhibition at the Anderson Galleries has settled this year more into its characteristics. For those who rejoice in this group of painters this occasion is a further joy; for such as find them small delight, the current exhibition will be a bore. I find it more of a pleasure, partly, no doubt, because I know what is mere patter so far as I am concerned or mere vivacity of business instinct on the painter's part, and so am free to look at eight or ten pieces that seem to me of interest.

Mr. Robert Henri has less paint on his canvas this year and less ploughing around. The two child portraits, though they come to little, are winning and pleasant; and there is an admirable landscape, gray green with clouds and a low-hanging air, that has handsome color and a noble repose. Mr. Eugene Speicher's contribution is less interesting than last year, but he shows one portrait, a Spanish woman with a white fur about her shoulders, beautifully painted and beautifully placed in the frame. Mr. Guy Pene Du Bois has a picture, *Scuttle Hats*, harsh and entertaining, a kind of society study that hits out straight and arrests the eye with its surly wit. Mr. Rockwell Kent has a picture called *Voyaging*, a line of sea and sharp purple hills like pyramids, and overhead a long heavy body speeding heavily but straight upon the air; and something about the whole idea that cannot be neglected, something fresh, a little gruff, and at the same time strangely wild and sensitive.

Mr. Robert Henri, again, has some charming drawings. Mr. Boardman Robinson has a group of drawings that are sturdily and often beautifully set down, drawings full of strength and independence of mind. And Mr. George Bellows with his *Business Men's Bath* and *Between Rounds* shows his steaming and abundant talent for catching living moments out of what is around him.

The shock and diversion of the exhibition, however, is Mr. Bellows's *Crucifixion of Christ*. In this picture we have a country gray and dark like Zuloaga's with a gray town on the hill, painted charmingly. The sky is sodden and gray, with dull shapes of clouds. The cross on which Christ hangs is in the centre of the mound, and the Virgin bends at his feet, in purple garments. The thieves are on either side, and a crowd of onlookers, rendered with dramatic simplification and an effective flare and glare of livid color, yellows, blues, grays, whites, and limbs long and rhythmic and poignant. I should think that rarely in the history of painting has a more vigorous and fecund cleverness been applied to this moment of Christ's passion. Here pure painting goes far, and there is almost a gaiety of sheer natural endowment. About the drawing there is a show

of something like Blake's energy, and in the composition and tone there is I will not say the mood but no little of the whim of El Greco. An interesting picture full of talent and versatility and otherwise empty, so far as so much talent can be empty, of content.

Near Mr. Bellows's *Crucifixion* is Mr. Maurice Sterne's *Breadmakers*. In the shadow of a doorway sits a peasant woman with a tray on her lap, in which she is making bread. Beyond this woman and only partly seen in the doorway is another. The sacks of grain appear in the dim light; the forms they make, the lines of the women's bodies, the quiet planes and surfaces, move toward a beautiful design and deep feeling. Clearly this picture has no existence apart from its content. It embodies what comes from profound living on the artist's part. And its presence in the exhibition seems a little out of the game, hitting, as it were, below the painting belt.

S. Y.

Alternatives

You mistake me, Madame, I ask for nothing.
I give arrogantly and with indifference.
These are no wall-fruits, soft and sugary, I offer you,
But dragon-berries,
Burnt black with their own fire,
Grown on brambles in the courts of Destiny.
You may refuse them if you please,
Since choice is not denied you.
Then you will be lone as a rattling leaf
On an upland oak-tree,
Flinging its single shadow
Across a treeless snow.

AMY LOWELL.

In Time of Desolation

Never will I return with the black-eyed sea-birds,
The white-bodied seagulls spilling the beauty of their
throats into the north:
I am banished from their places; they go wheeling
wind-blown;
But my feet are pointed toward savage towers; I am driven
forth.

I have no heart in the heaviness of men; I am shaken
Like a thin spear-shaft by the speed of the seagulls, their
screaming cuts deep:
It were better, if I must walk exiled, I should not awaken;
It were better to sleep under water if water would let my
flesh sleep.

The wet pattern of gull tracks along the sand coral is
smothered
Beneath foam; the birds give their pale swift beaks to
the west:
Would to God, now this hour breaks, I had never been
mothered!
Let their cries go sharp over me; let their chilled feet
tread my breast!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

"Mother, Home and Heaven"

SIR: Hereafter when anyone talks about annexing New York to the United States I shall shake the New Republic under his nose. Mr. Bruce Bliven knows mother, home and heaven, the church, the home and the school. He knows, too, the Chautauqua, which has come—quite unnecessarily—to the defence of these institutions. As an old Chautauqua worker I thank him for touching so lightly on our faults in his article of January 9.

On one point permit me to suggest a change of emphasis. Mr. Bliven remarks that all but the most trusted Chautauqua lecturers write down and memorize their addresses and then are not allowed to improvise upon their themes. There is, I have been told, one organization which enforces some such rule. Others there may be which prefer the old stand-by with the canned humor because he can be depended upon to "put it over" six times a week. But the managers who are running the big, successful circuits spend a great part of their time trying to find live lecturers and trying to keep their lectures alive after they have found them. These managers are turning out lectures and entertainments on a mass-production basis. The tendency is inevitably toward standardization and dead-level. Lecturers, being human, play safe and go stale. One part of a manager's business is to see to it that they keep their matter fresh and vital.

And don't let anyone fool you about the Chautauqua patron and the theory of evolution. Both in religion and in science he wants the best that he can get. He doesn't want you to poke fun at him or his beliefs. But if you act like a man who knows what he is talking about he will listen with pathetic earnestness. More lecturers are denounced or disregarded because their stuff is old and stupid than because it is new and unusual. Some "liberals" have roused opposition. It has usually been, not because they were liberals, but because they were fools. A few men confound bad manners with radicalism.

And since your journal reaches hundreds of scholars and men of action who have a right to be heard with regard to their fields of thought or experience, will you help me tell them something which they need to know? Audiences suffer from two sorts of men: those who speak but do not know and those who know but cannot speak. If those who know will learn how to speak the Chautauqua managers will soon get rid of those—the ignorant speakers. This is the challenge of Main Street to the universities and the great horde of wise experts who swarm about New York.

WILLIAM E. BOHN.

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

"Emigrate or Starve"

SIR: Your issue for December 26 says editorially, "Without it (the Ruhr) at least 20,000,000 Germans must emigrate or starve." On the same date a private letter told of a German, ready to emigrate to America, but forced by the immigration law to wait until July. If those able and anxious to come are being held back for seven months, that means an extra burden on German food reserves of many tens of thousands, at least. It means that, unless there is really adequate relief from America, our exclusive policy will cause the starvation of very many thousands. Those who willed the restriction of immigration should feel it their especial duty to prevent these deaths.

Ames, Iowa.

EDWARD S. ALLEN.

England and the Louvain Library

SIR: Mr. Henry Guppy, head of the John Rylands Library of Manchester, England, says in a recent private letter:

With reference to my scheme of help for the University of Louvain in the equipment of its new library, I am glad to be

able to say that I have received nothing but encouragement. The response to my appeals has been most generous and sympathetic, with the result that I have been able to send to Louvain upwards of 43,000 volumes, every one of which has been carefully selected and accepted, so that the British gift should be of real worth to meet the requirements of a university such as Louvain. My list is still open and I am accepting gifts until such time as the new library building is completed.

It was in England in April, 1916, that Mr. Guppy launched his scheme and perhaps it is not too much to say that his plan for the collecting of books led up to the other scheme for the housing of them, which eventuated in the fine library building now under way at Louvain, for whose final construction President Butler made recently an appeal for a half million dollars. Nor is this all that the Louvain University owes to Mr. Guppy. The catalogue cards prepared at Manchester now form the nucleus of the new library catalogue, so that, as Mr. Guppy has well said, "it will be an English library in the heart of Louvain." In fact it has been frankly acknowledged by the Louvain authorities that if no other books were to be added to the collection, "the English gift would in itself be one of which any city might be proud." It is not surprising, therefore, that the University of Louvain has conferred on Mr. Guppy the degree honoris causa of Doctor of Philosophy.

THEODORE STANTON.

Library of the State University of New Jersey.
New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Third Party Progress

SIR: Your article of January 2 by John Owens, Coolidge vs. McAdoo, leaves out of all account the already crystallized sentiment for a new political party in the Middle West. It goes farther and hangs itself upon the assumption that Mr. McAdoo is a "near-radical progressive" who will make an appeal to mid-west progressives. He concludes that (1) Henry Ford has "cut the heart out of any real third party effort;" that (2) Senator La Follette, as revealed by Mr. Owens's intuition, will decline nomination by a third party; and that (3) the move to enter a third party in the national lists is in consequence inconsiderable.

Much as I admire Mr. Owens's political articles, I consider these intuitions, assumptions and conclusions puerile and unbecoming so good reporter as he is. As a matter of fact a move for the formation of a third party is definitely under way in that large territory where farming is paralyzed by the application of "economic laws" to production. A conference of third-party delegates is called for May 30 at St. Paul.

At no time has Henry Ford ever been seriously considered as a possible candidate for President by any persons who can be called labor and farmer leaders. His so-called boom for the presidency has culminated in just the kind of punctured balloon these leaders expected. Mr. McAdoo, according to Associated Press reports, declared in San Francisco, December 3, against public ownership of railways. Is it not naive to assume that any candidate who declares against this solution of the railroad snarl can be counted a "near-radical progressive" acceptable to insurgents? Senator La Follette has not yet shut the door on the patent call to leadership of the new party, or given any sign that he will, and until he does the mysterious sixth sense of a newspaper man had better not be trusted to dictate the decision.

Mr. Owens misses the fact that a new party movement differs from the phenomena of the old parties in that it is a democratic mass movement pushed up and on from below and not a party dependent upon what one or two leaders are going to do.

Mr. Owens would not think of reporting authoritatively the progress of a battle 1,200 miles from the scene of actual fighting, and I should think he would not be willing to record the march of political events at such a speculative distance.

M. H. HEDGES.

Minneapolis.

Gordon at Khartoum

Gordon at Khartoum, by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.00.

THIS is the fourth of Wilfrid Blunt's volumes to be republished by Knopf, the others being *The Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt, 1880-1882*, and *My Diaries, 1890-1914*, in two volumes. The present book deals with the events of 1883-1886, among which the mission of General Gordon was most significant in its effect upon British politics. Gordon was a stone, cast recklessly into the pool, by ministers at their wits' ends to know what to do. Blunt is less concerned with the immediate splash, than with the waves which spread in widening circles to break upon the distant shores of the Empire. The volume contains comparatively little of Gordon and Khartoum; much of Gladstone, Morley and Churchill in London and Sir Evelyn Baring in Cairo.

Wilfrid Blunt's works may be described as footnotes to history. With no official position he was an amateur of politics. By family connection or through acquaintances made in his early diplomatic service he had access to the men who governed Great Britain, and was intimate with many of them. He had travelled widely in the East and knew personally the leading Mohammedans—Egyptians, Arabs, Turks, and Indians. Accordingly of one phase of imperial history, the relation of the Empire to Islam, he had an extraordinarily close and immediate view. He had an instinctive sympathy with the weak, the suffering, the oppressed, which seemed to his countrymen abnormal, and a complete distrust of modern civilization in its dealings with primitive peoples, which seemed sentimental. His very prejudices are therefore valuable in correcting the prepossessions of the age. In his war against these prepossessions he came to have a profound scepticism in regard to the pretentious records which constitute official history. Readers of *My Diaries* will remember the pertinacity with which he exhumed and exposed the actual facts about the Jameson Raid, the Alexandria massacres and the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb by British officers. He had the courage to challenge lofty reputations—John Morley, "Lord Shillyshally," who meant well feebly; Gladstone, "this pitiful man of blood who has not even the courage to be at the same time a man of iron." When his country was wrong, as in his opinion it nearly always was in its dealings with weaker peoples, he was a defeatist.

In 1882 when the British Empire entered upon the last phase of its expansion with the conquest of Egypt, Blunt became the special attorney for that country at London, Paris, Constantinople. The official history of the English occupation runs to the effect that Arabi Pasha, the leader of the Egyptian nationalists, was responsible for the massacre of Christians at Alexandria, in consequence of which Sir Beauchamp Seymour bombarded that city and Sir Garnet Wolesley's troops smashed the Egyptian army at Tel-el-Kebir. Blunt proved that the massacres were instigated by officers of the Khedive Tewfik, puppet of the British occupation. He paid for the defence of Arabi out of his own pocket, and saved his country from the shame of putting that patriot to death. He waged a campaign by letters to the newspapers, by public meetings, by questions asked by his friends in Parliament, by personal communications to ministers, to bring Great Britain to fulfill her promise of evacuation of Egypt. When the Mahdi raised the standard of revolt in the Soudan he sympathized with

that struggle for liberty. He liked Gordon personally; he approved his mission if it were one of peace, but when it appeared as war, he rejoiced in the victory of the tribesmen and the fall of Khartoum.

On this point the present volume clears up certain historic doubts. When Gordon fell into difficulties at Khartoum the British government tried to escape responsibility by pleading that he had disobeyed orders. The instructions issued to Gordon were to report on the best means of evacuating the Egyptian garrisons of the Soudan, and to perform such other duties as might be entrusted to him by the Egyptian government through Sir Evelyn Baring, afterwards Lord Cromer, the British Resident. Blunt quotes a letter of Lord Cromer to Gordon (suppressed in the Blue Books and in Lord Cromer's own book, *Modern Egypt*), in which he extends Gordon's instructions to the establishment of "some rough form of government which will prevent anarchy and confusion arising on the withdrawal of the Egyptian troops." It was in fulfillment of the latter order that Gordon committed himself to a course of action which made it impossible for him to abandon Khartoum and save himself. Blunt thus appears in the rôle of defending Gordon's reputation while condemning his action.

The effect of Blunt's annotation of history is to show how underneath its smooth official surface, on which great men appear to be guiding human destiny, perhaps wrongly, but at least with full consciousness of what they are doing and steadfast will to its accomplishment, all is in reality the result of ignorance of conditions and confusion of purpose, of circumstance and casualty. The British ministers became aware of the falseness of Tewfik in the matter of the massacres, but they dared not lose face by confessing that the bombardment of Alexandria was unjustified; and continued to support the Khedive, even in the execution of men who, far from conniving at the massacres, had intervened to save the victims. The ministers sent Gordon to Khartoum with two incompatible objects. They tried to save themselves at his expense; and when he fell they made him a national hero, whose martyrdom was later used to arouse public opinion to the conquest of the Soudan.

Again, Blunt's evidence reveals the narrowness of margin in decisions affecting the life and death of thousands, the trivial makeweight in compromise which caused the difference between their welfare and woe. In the face of his narrative one cannot doubt that the British ministers were on the point of recalling Arabi to Egypt, and even of sending Blunt himself to negotiate with the Mahdi. But if Arabi had been recalled, Lord Granville would have been obliged to resign the Foreign Office, and he was an amiable man and needed his salary. If Blunt had been sent to the Soudan it would have been a repudiation of Lord Cromer and Cecil Rhodes and the Egyptian bondholders and South African shareholders whom they represented.

And finally it clearly appears how constantly the ministers who constituted the responsible government were at cross purposes, fooling each other and deluding themselves. Hartington, Dilke and Northbrook, (the forward party in the Cabinet) tricked Gladstone, and Gladstone hoodwinked his conscience. Thus the ship of empire continued to run before the wind of self-interest, the grand old man at the helm which was jammed, with a compass which was false surrounded by officers whose nautical skill was limited to telling which way the wind blew—truly a ship of fools.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Atomistic Philosophy

The A B C of Atoms, by Bertrand Russell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

NEVER before in history has the human mind been given so many strange and difficult ideas to digest as it has during the last decade. Bohr's theory of the atom, Planck's theory of quanta and Einstein's theory of relativity, coming all together, have thrown into confusion our fundamental conceptions of the universe. Even mathematicians and physicists are a bit bewildered and those of us who are neither need somebody with an exceptionally clear and logical brain to explain to us what it is all about.

Bertrand Russell has as clear and logical a brain as any now ensconced in human cranium, and he has done all that can be done within 150 pages to make plain these novel notions and their startling implications. He does not, as some of the rest of us have done, merely play timidly around the edges of the subject and try to throw a little light upon it from the sides by more or less misleading analogies. He dodges nothing, but actually undertakes to tell in words and figures and a minimum of algebraic symbols the essence of these ideas and their philosophical significance. Nobody else has attempted so much and nobody else has accomplished more in the way of enlightenment of the general reader.

The very title has more meaning than appears, for the idea of atomicity has lately spread from chemistry to all other fields of science. The old atom of the chemist has itself been atomized and resolved into a complicated solar system of littler electrons. The corpuscular theory of light, ostracized for three centuries, seems to be creeping back in disguise. Energy according to Planck is absorbed and emitted by jumps of a finite amount. Discontinuity is the order of the day. We may detect a chuckle between the lines when Mr. Russell records the fact that "the atom changes from one state to another by revolution, not by evolution." Also a hint of his political proclivities, so violently repressed during the war, may be discerned in the following passage:

Perhaps it is merely habit and prejudice that makes us suppose space to be continuous. Poincaré—not the Prime Minister, but his cousin, who was a great man—suggested that we should even have to give up thinking of time as continuous, and that we should think of a minute, for instance, as a finite number of jerks with nothing between them.

This idea of the discontinuity of time and space is suggested by the peculiar behavior of the electron which, when forced out of its orbit into a larger one by taking on a quantum of energy, may later give up the same quantum and snap back into its former orbit *instantaneously*. This sounds as shocking to us as though an astronomer should tell us that Mars might slip into the earth's orbit without taking any time in transit or passing through the intervening space. Planck and Bohr are even more disconcerting to conventional conceptions than Einstein, but they have not yet caught the spot-light of public interest.

In the leisurely days of the last century the universe seemed to run smoothly and continuously, but now everything is on the jump. The Mendelian method of evolution by jerks has displaced the Darwinian method of the gradual accretion of infinitesimal variations. The ghost of

abiogenesis, once thought laid by Pasteur, again walks the earth. And now comes Einstein with his creased and humpy space, and Bohr with his excitable atom. How the old physics can absorb the new atom remains to be seen. As Mr. Russell says:

One of the most astonishing things about the processes that take place in atoms is that they seem to be liable to sudden discontinuities, sudden jumps from one state of continuous motion to another. This motion of an electron round its nucleus seems to be like that of a flea, which crawls for a while, and then hops. The crawls proceed accurately according to the old laws of dynamics, but the hops are a new phenomenon, concerning which certain totally new laws have been discovered empirically, without any possibility (so far as can be seen) of connecting them with the old laws. There is a possibility that the old laws, which represented motion as a smooth continuous process, may be only statistical averages, and that, when we come down to a sufficiently minute scale, everything really proceeds by jumps, like the cinema, which produces a misleading appearance of continuous motion by means of a succession of separate pictures.

A curious feature of modern theorizing in this field is the tendency to fall into language ascribing will and foreknowledge to inanimate matter. Perhaps some such anthropomorphism is inevitable whenever a thinker is confronted with phenomena which he cannot yet comprehend. But what we hear nowadays is more than mere anthropomorphism; it is a superhuman power of prescience that electrons appear to possess. For instance, from what some physicists say we might infer that an electron knows in advance, and without trying it out, just which orbit it should jump into. Again Professor Eddington of Cambridge, in talking of Einstein's rolled-up and therefore finite universe, suggests that the circumference of space, the greatest length in nature, may determine the relative size of the electron, the smallest thing in nature. Or as he humorously puts it:

An electron could never decide how large it ought to be unless there existed some length independent of itself for it to compare itself with. . . . Similarly it would not know how long it ought to exist unless there existed a length in time for it to measure itself against. But there is not radius of curvature in a time-like direction; so the electron does not know how long it ought to exist. Therefore it just goes on existing indefinitely.

So, too, Mr. Russell says of the periodic processes of the quantum theory:

Every periodic process arranges itself so as to have achieved a certain amount by the time one period is completed. This seems to show that nature has a kind of foresight, and also knows the integral calculus, without which it is impossible to know how fast to go at each instant so as to achieve a certain result in the end. All this sounds incredible.

So it does, but doubtless it will sound less so when the physicists have had time to devise new technical terms that will obliterate, or at least conceal, the anthropomorphic implications.

The fact that these new conceptions sound incredible is not regarded as evidence against such views but rather the contrary. Eddington thinks that the quantum principle may be the first real law of nature that has been discovered

in physics because it is too irrational to have been invented by man. Or as Russell puts it:

The theory of relativity has shown that most of the traditional dynamics, which was supposed to contain scientific laws, really consisted of conventions as to measurement, and was strictly analogous to the "great law" that there are always three feet to a yard. In particular this applies to the conservation of energy. This makes it plausible to suppose that every apparent law of nature, which strikes us as reasonable, is not really a law of nature, but a concealed convention, plastered on to nature by our love of what we, in our arrogance, choose to consider rational.

Here again we run on to a form of thinking reminding us of that of the early theologians. *Credo quia impossibile est.*

EDWIN E. SLOSSON.

The Poetry of Li Po

The Works of Li Po, done into English verse by Shigeyoshi Obata. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

ONE would not have supposed that ancient poetry could have survived the queer ways in which we pronounce it. Catullus would not understand me if I were to say to him the line "Nescio; sed fieri sentio, et excrucior." Yet it is inconceivable to me that his contemporaries can have got a greater pleasure from his poetry than I do—a pleasure, too, that depends quite as much upon sound and rhythm as upon meaning. When one comes to Homer the mystery deepens. There are Latin lines which one might possibly say almost right; "Vivamus, mea Lesbia"—even an ancient Roman could not fail to understand (particularly if, like Dr. D——, one remembered to say *wiivamus*). But of the unreformed, old-fashioned Greek which we adults learned, probably no one more ancient than Dr. Johnson would understand a single word; and the young, who might, in these improved days, learn to read Greek, if not as Homer spoke it, at least as the Association of Classical Masters recommends—the young learn Freud or engineering instead.

How it is that Homer survives being read as though he were English, as though he were French, as though he were modern Greek, I cannot explain; *c'est le mystère*. Mr. Obata's book raises a similar problem. How comes it that modern Chinese and Japanese (Europeans we may for the moment leave aside) derive so much pleasure from poetry which they pronounce hopelessly wrong? Take, for example, the poem translated on page 166 of Mr. Obata's book. In modern Chinese (Peking dialect) it would read:—

Po fa san ts'ien chang
Yüan ch'ou ssu ko ch'ang.
Pu chih ming ching li
Ho ch'u te ch'iu shuang.

This means:

White hair three thousand 10-feet;
Because of grief like this long.

Not know bright mirror in
What place get autumn frost;

i.e., "I have grown used to my long, white hair, which is, indeed, a fit symbol of my long years of grief. But suddenly seeing myself in the mirror, I could not, for a moment, understand how my head had come to be covered with white stuff, as though I had been exposed to the autumn frost."

In Li Po's time the poem would have been pronounced, approximately:—

Bhak pwat san tsien dyang
Iuen dzhiu shi ka dyang.
Pyu työ myang kyang lyi
Ghā chyo tek tzhui siuang.

The Japanese, reading the poem partly in Chinese and partly in their own language, give to it the following sound:—

Haku hatsu san sen jō
Urei ni yorite kaku no gotoku nagashi.
Shirazu mei kyō no uchi
Izure no tokoro ni ka shū sō wo etaru.

Without the link of written characters, this jumbled transposition could never have prospered; but underneath the flimsy movement of the Japanese particles and auxiliaries is felt the orderly structure of the Chinese quatrain, with its solid ideograms moving five to the line. In this odd mixture of languages the Japanese themselves wrote a considerable quantity of poetry, composing rather in visual units (ideograms) than in units of sound. To the Chinese these Sino-Japanese poems are unintelligible when recited; when read they resemble the English odes that Babus sometimes address to Anglo-Indian officials.

I think Mr. Obata has great merits as a translator. His imperfect command of English (he is, as the reader will have gathered, a Japanese) handicaps him more in the short lyric poems than in the long narrative ones. I do not think that his translations are, in themselves, ever quite poetry. But they have the great merit of not being draped with the meretricious appanages of poetry, and this makes them cultural documents of great importance. It would be possible to question occasionally the accuracy both of his translation and his historical and geographical information. I will here only make the general criticism that too frequently and too complacently he accepts the unintelligible. For example, his translation of the poem mentioned above runs:

On the face of the bright mirror, I wonder,
Whence has come this hoar frost of autumn!
Ah, my long, long white hair of three thousand chang,
Grown so long with the cares of this world!

Then follows a long commentary which does not tell us why he has transposed the order of the lines nor what he thinks the poem means, but only explains that Li Po's hair was not really 30,000 feet long, this phrase being "an innocent form of poetic indulgence." Considering, however, that Mr. Obata is translating from one foreign language into another, he has achieved a remarkable degree of lucidity and dignity.

ARTHUR WALEY.

Strenuous Americans

Strenuous Americans, by R. F. Dibble. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$3.00.

THE portraits of a bandit, an active admiral, a religious leader, a lady reformer, a railroad builder, a showman and a political boss should offer scope for an excellent picture of the nineteenth century in America. Mr. R. F. Dibble chose well when he chose as subjects for biographical essays Jesse James, Admiral Dewey, Brigham Young, Frances E. Willard, James J. Hill, P. T. Barnum and Mark Hanna. But, unfortunately, the execution is not so happy as the selection.

Mr. Dibble made a bad mistake when he set out, as he so obviously has, to imitate Lytton Strachey. The attempt has cramped his style. Since the publication of *Eminent Victorians*, no one can write modern biography without being influenced by Lytton Strachey, but to imitate Mr. Strachey is foolhardy and profitless, because it is too difficult, for Mr. Strachey happens to be one of the few great writers of prose of the day. One might as well try to imitate Conrad by the device of a character named Barlow who interlards his conversation with "Pass the carafe."

And Mr. Dibble has done his imitations just as crudely as that in many spots. The result is that his satire is often so heavy and forced that it turns out to be rather cheap and unentertaining sarcasm. It is impossible to gain free self-expression by imitation, and, though it is easy to imitate a mannerism, it is impossible to become a genius by aping one. In this connection Mr. Dibble's dedication, which reads, "To the greatest living biographer," is significant.

Mr. Dibble is most successful in his portraits of Admiral Dewey and Frances Willard, because the one seemed to interest him most and the other to irritate him most. But in the picture of Frances Willard which he gives, his irritation mars his effect. He gets angry, and his anger is inevitably fatal to his irony, turning it instead to sour moralizing.

He is always throughout the book more anxious to show up his characters than to show them. The portrait of Brigham Young, though physically correct, is lacking in significance. It fails even to indicate those qualities which, to my mind, made the leader of the Mormons, in spite of his obvious but superficial crudities, one of the most important and interesting men of his time. Mr. Dibble fails to take into consideration sufficiently Brigham Young's sincerity, which made of him more a fanatic than a schemer.

Mr. Dibble's portrait of P. T. Barnum is not at all interpretative, but merely narrative. It would be interesting to read Mr. Van Wyck Brooks on Barnum; Mr. Dibble has not Mr. Brooks's fine powers of analysis.

Mr. Dibble fails in the case of Frances Willard, because he lacks pity, and where pity is sometimes called for he offers disdain instead. Frances Willard is much more to be pitied than scorned because she was a homely girl and therefore had to take refuge in woman's rights. Mr. Dibble scorns her for it. Mr. Dibble successfully brings out the force of James J. Hill's personality from the maze of financial transactions which surrounded it. With Mark Hanna the biographer is too anxious to be smart, and he therefore seldom succeeds in being clever.

M. R. WERNER.

Briefs on Books

The Life of Caleb Cushing, by Claude M. Fuess. Two Volumes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$10.

THIS is a thorough, well documented and readable biography of one of the ablest of the Hundred Percent Americans of the Middle Period. Cushing distinguished himself as a jurist, soldier and diplomat. His most important services in public life were rendered as commissioner to China in Tyler's administration, brigadier-general in the Mexican War, Attorney-General of the United States from 1853-57, American counsel at the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal in 1871-72, and Minister to Spain from 1874-77. Cushing's ability to follow the dictates of his conscience and convictions, even when they led to unpopular acts and positions, marks him out as something above the ordinary run of politicians who have graced most of our public offices during the greater part of our history, and doubtless accounts for the fact that not even one educated American out of ten has ever heard of him. But, along with real ability as a jurist and diplomat, he combined a somewhat arrogant and aggressive patriotism, which detracts somewhat from the high estimate which might otherwise be placed upon his character and achievements. Cushing was not only a great man; he recognized and admitted this fact, one of the results of which discernment is to be found in the excellent character of this biography. Feeling that his career would edify posterity, he carefully preserved, sorted and arranged his papers so that they would be in readiness for the labors of his biographer. His spirit may have chafed with impatience that the task was not begun until 1915, but it must have been compensated by viewing the admirable product of Mr. Fuess's efforts, which enrich the literature of American political and diplomatic history.

H. E. B.

Paul Cézanne, by Ambroise Vollard; authorized translation by Harold L. Van Doren; with sixteen illustrations. New York: Nicholas L. Brown. \$3.00.

MR. VOLLARD'S little volume on Cézanne will satisfy only those who seek snapshots and anecdotes; it abounds in these, for the author had apparently the same knack in getting hold of the unconsidered trifles of Cézanne's life as he had of the more significant products of Cézanne's art. This is not to say that Cézanne does not emerge from this succinct biography; quite plainly, he does emerge; and we are confronted with a shy, passionate, intense, childish, irritable man, whose main effort in life, apparently, was an attempt to get hung in museums and salons among the tepid respectables whom he hated. An honest craftsman, Cézanne properly despised his old friend Zola for becoming a filthy bourgeois; a simple, humble man, he eased a troublesome life by "leaning on Rome;" and above all, as an inspired artist, he occasionally vented his knowledge in gnomish scraps: "Listen! Everything in Nature is a cylinder or a cube." "Monet is only an eye: but good Lord, what an eye!" Whilst Cézanne's life has not the spiritual interest of his contemporaries, Van Gogh or Gauguin, it still awaits a biographer who will take the full measure of it, in relation to his art.

L. M.

Masters and Men, by Philip Guedalla. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

HAVING written a biography, which he entitled a history, Mr. Guedalla now writes feuilletons and reviews—

deleting the names of the books—and suggests that they are biography. His book on the Second Empire had as many shooting stars as any August night but in the darkness one could descry the pathetic figure of Louis Napoleon most admirably outlined. This volume confirms the judgment of those who thought the rhetoric more characteristic than the portraiture. We see an occasional meteor but no landscape, ironic edging but no pattern. There are, of course, occasional teasing bits of writing but, to speak in the daggered vocabulary of the author, the book is a confection of ingeminating grimaces.

A. W. V.

The Causes and Character of the American Revolution, by H. E. Egerton. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.85.

THIS is a calm and objective example of English historical scholarship applied to the study of the American Revolution, thus giving a good sample of the state of English scholarly opinion on this subject a generation after Lecky's famous judicious summary. In general, the work is of the conventional type of political and diplomatic history, but is scrupulously fair. Professor Egerton seems ignorant of some of the most important recent American monographs on the causes of the Revolution, such as Schlesinger's *Colonial Merchants*, Sidney George Fisher's *Struggle for American Independence*, and Alvord's study of imperial problems in the Mississippi Valley. Good use is made, however, of the late George Louis Beer's monumental contributions to the relation between the Mercantile System and British colonial administration. There is a particularly good chapter on the American Loyalists, which helps to upset the respectable patriotic myth that the Loyalists were few in numbers and uniformly low down scoundrels. It is scarcely necessary to add that the book is as disruptive of the American epic as the best American scholarship has been in the last generation. It may be referred to the Mayor's committee on textbooks as a peculiarly atrocious example of the cloven hoof.

H. E. B.

The Inquisition, by Hoffman Nickerson. With a preface by Hilaire Belloc. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$4.00.

NOT a history, but an Anglo-Catholic tract against Prohibition. Its author, while in the New York legislature, was angered by Prohibition lobbyists and sought in history a horrible precedent for their intolerance. He has compiled from excellent sources, and when his heat permits he tells his tale with literary skill; but his contempt for all dissent soon makes him the partisan of the inquisitor. If still he seems to find a contradiction between the Inquisition and the teaching of Jesus, it is only (p. 251) "for the sake of the arguments of the Prohibitionists;" and he hastens to imply that for the Prohibitionists, at least, capital punishment is too good.

G. L. B.

A History of Ornament: Renaissance and Modern, by A. D. F. Hamlin; with 464 illustrations and 23 plates. New York: The Century Company. \$5.00.

THIS is a companion volume to Professor Hamlin's study of ornament in Ancient and Mediaeval times. It is really more than a history of ornament; it is also a history of that part of architecture which is not treated in construc-

tion and plan. The breadth of Professor Hamlin's statement, the profuseness of illustrations, and the justice of his criticisms are alike admirable; all the more so because, like every profound scholar from Fergusson onwards, he is in sympathy with fresh impulses and innovations. The inclusion of American architecture down to the twentieth century is an admirable departure. One must add that minor ornamentation, in pottery, typography, and furniture also comes within the sweep of Professor Hamlin's study.

L. M.

The Coming of Man, by John M. Tyler. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. \$2.00.

THE well-known author of those interesting books on *Man in the Light of Evolution* and *The New Stone Age* in Northern Europe here contributes to The Amherst Books a series of connected essays on the meaning of life. A marvel of compactness, this little volume contains a sketch of the evolution of living things from amoeba to man and civilization, with room left in the 136 pages for a half-dozen little essays on great biological questions. Written in a mellow, gently philosophical vein, with fine touches of the wisdom of age and the spirit of youth, yet a bit old-fashioned in spots and with here and there a lapse from scientist to mystic, it is a book of decided value for the cultivated layman.

F. H. H.

Some Victorian Women, by Harry Furniss. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. \$4.00.

ON the cover-slip we read, "his delightful book of reminiscences;" on page 190, "It would be ridiculous to bracket my chatter and caricature with memoirs." Admiring his candor, we vote with the author.

A. W. V.

Contributors

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CLIVE BELL, the English critic of literature and art, is a frequent contributor to the New Republic. He is the author of *Art, Since Cézanne*, etc. His most recent book, *On British Freedom*, was brought out a few months ago in this country by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

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